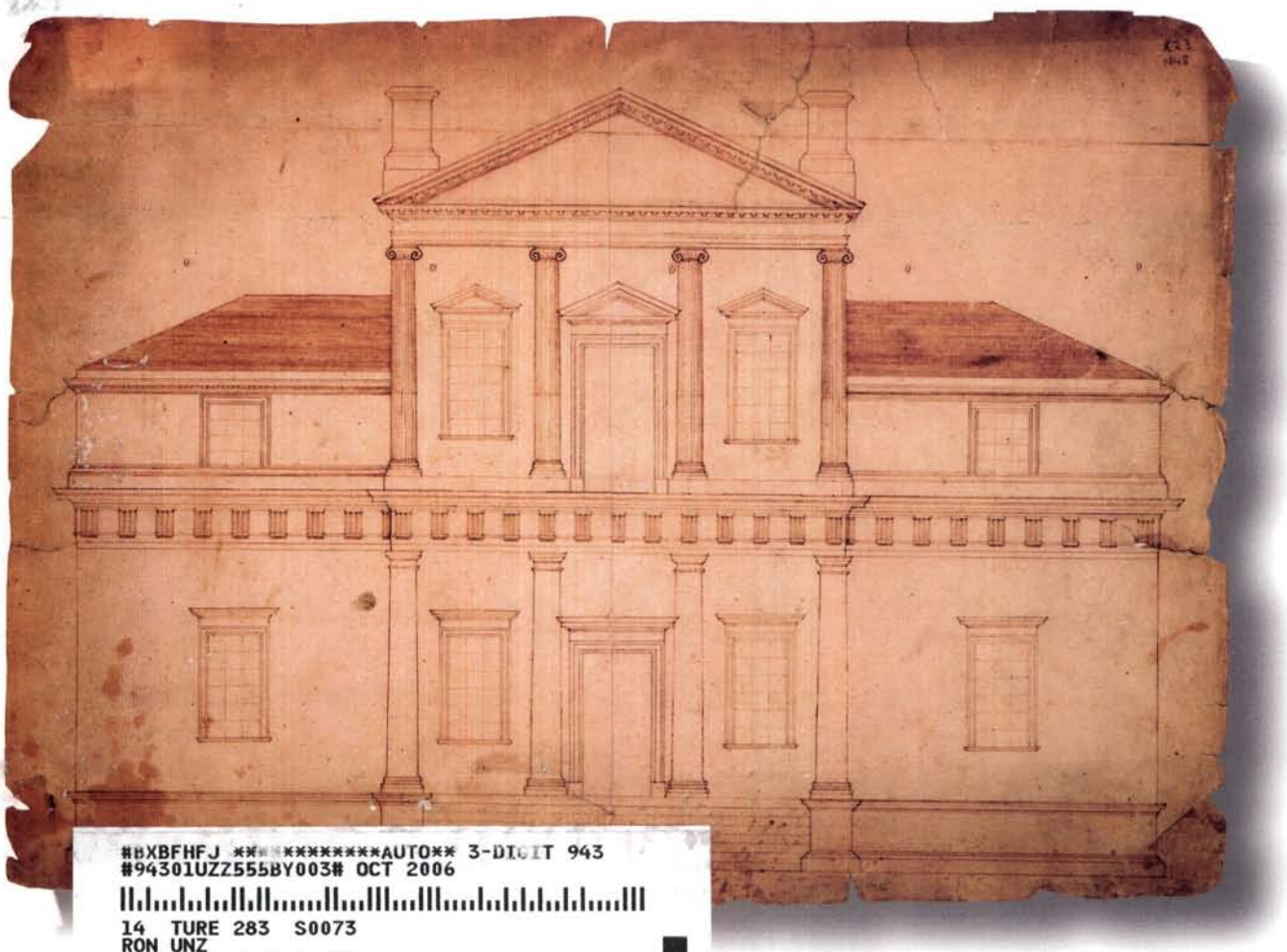
Chronicles

September 2003 A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE $3.95

America's Classical Tradition

The Way Back to Educational Sanity



#BXBFHFJ **** ********AUTO** 3-DIGIT 943
#94301UZZ555BY003# OCT 2006
14 TURE 283 S0073
RON UNZ
555 BRYANT ST # 371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

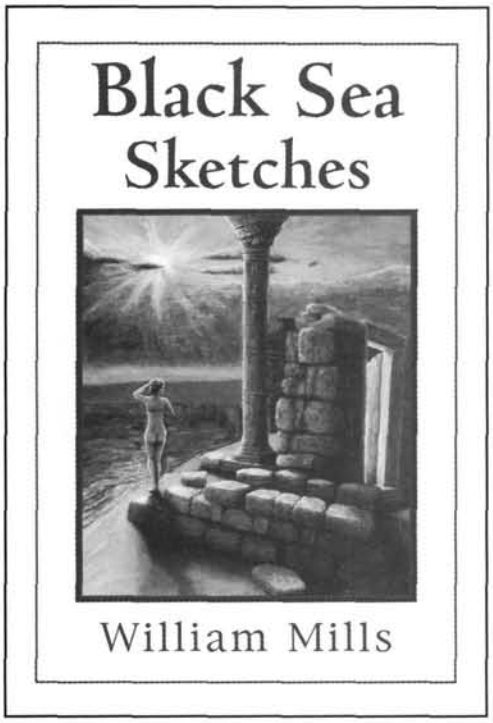
Sam Francis on "The Neocon Cabal"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Black Sea Sketches

BLACK SEA SKETCHES is a travel book written for serious travelers, including armchair travelers. Although the author may take an occasional swim or walk the beaches, the book is much more about the history and prehistory, the culture and the contemporary scene than about recreational opportunities. It is the kind of book you would want to read before or during your own travel in these fascinating countries.

The five countries—Ukraine, Rumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Georgia—often share military and economic history, but cultural contrasts abound: different alphabets and languages, different religions. While most of Ukraine, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Georgia embrace the Orthodox faith, Turkey is largely Muslim, as is part of the Crimean population. All five of the countries reflect, especially architecturally, the common past of ancient Greece and, most of them, of the later Genoan commercial empire.



Rising above the glittering monuments of the past, however, are the people Mills met and the stories of their lives, often of great courage under pressure and of generosity to a stranger and a traveler.

Comments about other works of William Mills

"William Mills' stories draw the reader deeply into the hearts and minds of men and women to reveal the essential nature of Man in a world governed by forces so primal there is no resisting their call, no mitigation of their judgment."
—Gordon Weaver

"Seldom have I found a contemporary poet so intensely and humanly convincing. Mills' voice is very near the fraternal and memorable sounds we all want to make, and say."
—James Dickey

Black Sea Sketches Order Form (please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery)

BLAC

Paperback Price $19.95
($16.95 + $3.00 shipping and handling each)

X Quantity _____

Total _____

Please mail form (with payment) to:
Chronicles/Products
P.O. Box 800
Mount Morris, IL 61054

or, to order toll-free,
call 1-800-397-8160

ABLA09

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/Zip_____

☐ Check or money order enclosed

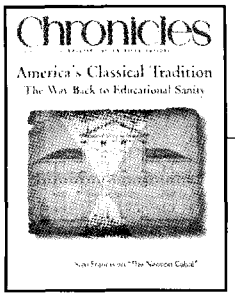
☐ Please bill my: ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ Amex ☐ Discover

Card #_____

Expiration Date_____

Signature_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

PERSPECTIVE

Back to Reality 11
by Thomas Fleming

Returning to Aristotle.

VIEWS

Notes on American Education 14
by Sir Hugh Lloyd-Jones
Following Marx's road map.

Sophocles' *Antigone* 16
by Mary Lefkowitz
Why the gods do not spare the innocent.

Only a Madman Laughs at the Culture of Others 18
by Steven J. Willett
The legacy of Herodotus.

Classical Education *Redivivus* 20
by Douglas Wilson
Shaking off the state.

REVIEWS

Style in History 25
by Derek Turner

Andrew Roberts: *Hitler & Churchill—Secrets of Leadership*

H.A. Scott Trask on Gavin Menzies' *1421: The Year the Chinese Discovered America* ◆ 27
Fr. Michael P. Orsi on John T. McGreevey's *Catholicism and American Freedom: A History* ◆
Jeremy Lott on Isaiah Berlin's *Freedom and Its Betrayal: Six Enemies of Human Liberty* ◆
Thomas Fleming on John Nevin Schaeffer's and Henry Lamar Crosby's *An Introduction to Greek* ◆
Jeffrey Meyers on François Bizot's *The Gate* ◆

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From England: Children in the Hellmouth 36
by Michael McMahon

Letter From London: The Good Things in Death 37
by Andrei Navrozov

Letter From District 205: Trick or Treat? 38
by Sarah J. Weber

VITAL SIGNS

EDUCATION: **Real Education Reform** 42
by B.K. Eakman

The Heart's Own Instinct 43
by R.C. Sproul, Jr.

TORT: **It Ain't My Fault** 45
by Doug Bandow

COLUMNS

SINS OF OMISSION 13
by Roger D. McGrath

PRINCIPALITIES & POWERS 33
by Samuel Francis

THE ROCKFORD FILES 35
by Scott P. Richert

THE AMERICAN INTEREST 40
by Srdja Trifkovic

IN THE DARK 46
Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines*, *The Hulk*, *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl
by George McCartney

THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN 48
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

DEPARTMENTS

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES 4

AMERICAN PROSCENIUM 6

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS 7

POETRY
Noreen by Brian Kirkpatrick 21
and *The Sorrows of Intellectual Life* by Fred Chappell 23

ON THE COVER

Cover by H. Ward Sterett and Melanie Anderson; inside illustrations by Anatol Woolf.

SEPTEMBER 2003/3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITOR
Thomas Fleming

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Scott P. Richert

SENIOR EDITOR, BOOKS
Chilton Williamson, Jr.

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Aaron D. Wolf

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Matthew Rarey

ART DIRECTOR
H. Ward Sterett

DESIGNER
Melanie Anderson

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Katherine Dalton, George Garrett, Paul Gottfried, J.O. Tate, Clyde Wilson

CORRESPONDING EDITORS
Wayne Allensworth, Janet Scott Barlow, Bill Kauffman, Donald Livingston, Roger D. McGrath, William Mills, William Murchison, Andrei Navrozov

POLITICAL EDITOR
Samuel Francis

FILM EDITOR
George McCartney

FOREIGN-AFFAIRS EDITOR
Srdja Trifkovic

LEGAL-AFFAIRS EDITOR
Stephen B. Presser

RELIGION EDITOR
Harold O.J. Brown

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Cindy Link

PUBLISHER
The Rockford Institute

A publication of The Rockford Institute.
Editorial and Advertising Offices:
928 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.
Website: *www.chroniclesmagazine.org*
Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054.
Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5813.
Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800,
Mount Morris, IL 61054. Call 1-800-877-5459.

Copyright © 2003 by The Rockford Institute.
All rights reserved.

Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture
(ISSN 0887-5731) is published monthly for $39.00 (foreign subscriptions add $12 for surface delivery, $48 for Air Mail) per year by The Rockford Institute, 928 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Preferred periodical postage paid at Rockford, IL and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Chronicles*, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

The views expressed in *Chronicles* are the authors' alone and do not necessarily reflect the views of The Rockford Institute or of its directors. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE
Vol. 27, No. 9 September 2003
Printed in the United States of America

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On Family Planning

My reading of the *Views* by Aaron D. Wolf ("Hating Babies, Hating God") and Judie Brown ("Rending the Seamless Garment") in the June issue of *Chronicles* is that contraception is condemned almost to the same degree as abortion. Surely there is a great distinction between abortifacients and the prevention of conception.

It seems clear from statements by the Pope that birth control, except for natural family planning, is a grievous sin that, if unrepented and continued, becomes a mortal sin, with perdition a certainty.

Under these conditions, there would be a rather small number in the last 2,000 years eligible for everlasting happiness. Heaven would be rather lightly populated, but other destinations would be somewhat crowded.

The Pope remarked that it isn't that there are too many people at the table but that there is not enough food on the table; but the table is getting smaller, and we are running out of chairs.

—*William A. Diehl*
Defiance, OH

Mr. Wolf Replies:

I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Diehl: On the list of violations of the natural law, abortion certainly ranks higher. The goal of my piece, however, was to show that there is a biblically based tradition in Protestantism condemning contraception, and it is not without reason that John Calvin declares birth prevention akin to a "violent abortion." A culture in which the natural connection between the marriage bed and the blessing of children is severed is fertile ground for the seeds of abortion, euthanasia, and sodomy.

Contraception was not widely practiced among Protestants until their leadership followed Margaret Sanger in proclaiming it to be not only acceptable but, in the case of those without great financial substance, morally preferable. Thus, most Protestants find themselves in an awkward position when confronted with their own theological and moral traditions, which unanimously condemned the sin of Onan until Lambeth.

There is good news, however. Protestants need not cross the Tiber to defy the culture of death. Instead, they can stand with Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Cranmer, as well as the majority of Christian moral thought throughout the centuries. More and more Protestants are doing just that. In my own South Wisconsin District of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, a resolution was passed at the June convention to that effect: "Whereas, the mainstream Church has for nineteen centuries taken a stand against birth control . . . therefore be it resolved that the South Wisconsin District in convention formally request the LCMS Commission on Theology and Church Relations to review and re-examine its position on birth control with respect to the Word of God."

Contraceptors need not face the wrath of God in eternal perdition—if they repent. "Be not deceived," says St. Paul. "Neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind . . . shall inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

Save a Stamp!
E-mail your letters to the editor to:
Polemics@ChroniclesMagazine.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Attention Deficits

Dr. Baughman's implied argument (in "Making a Killing," *Vital Signs*, June, cowritten by B.K. Eakman) that, if there is no objective means of diagnosing a disease, then there is no need for medical treatment, is akin to throwing the baby out with the bathwater. Up until relatively recently, medicine relied on clinical criteria (the combination of the patient's self-report and the physician's subjective observation) in making a diagnosis of disease or health. Many nonpsychiatric diagnoses, including acute appendicitis and multiple sclerosis, are still made on largely clinical grounds, with scant or conflicting laboratory or imaging evidence. Psychiatry relies on the clinical method exclusively because no one really knows yet what causes psychiatric illness. The inability to confirm a diagnosis by technical means, however, should not cause us to doubt the existence of a disorder when one is apparent. There are and always have been unfortunate individuals who hallucinate, experience delusions, or become profoundly disabled as a result of a severe mood disturbance. Sometimes, the cause of these symptoms is physical and measurable. Most of the time, these patients are either physically "normal" or have physical abnormalities that are apparently unrelated to their psychiatric disturbance. The absence of objective diagnostic tools in psychiatry is one of the greatest obstacles facing the field today. Yet the suffering of psychiatric patients is real, and we have to diagnose and treat them to the best of our abilities with the means currently available, no matter how imperfect.

Psychiatry is hardly the only medical field that is heavily influenced by the pharmaceutical industry. Criteria for treating elevated cholesterol, blood pressure, and blood sugar are becoming increasingly more stringent, with combination drug therapy being the rule rather than the exception of treatment, even for mild cases that could and should be managed with lifestyle changes alone. It is an oversight to target the psychopharmaceutical industry as "a kind of legal drug cartel" because the same companies that manufacture antidepressant medications also make expensive nonpsychiatric drugs designed to correct "chemical imbalances," albeit of a different kind. The expansion of the illness model to include borderline and possibly normal cases is happening across medical disciplines, because most medical research is market-driven.

So far as ADHD is concerned, hardly anyone ever wonders about the possible environmental contributions to what is undoubtedly a pattern of increasing distractibility, hyperactivity, and behavioral instability in today's children. The jury is still out as to whether ADHD is a "disease" and whether it is associated with brain abnormalities. The real question is whether this is a condition that is produced in susceptible children by early and excessive exposure to television and other visual media that condition the growing brain into developing a short attention span and a drive for constant novelty. In our society, it is much easier just to "treat" this disorder with drugs, since, this way, the market wins, and no one has to make any difficult choices about how to rear children.

—Boris Vatel, M.D.
Evansville, IN

Dr. Baughman Replies:

Dr. Vatel, a psychiatrist, adheres to a belief system that holds that all psychiatric, emotional, and behavioral problems are "diseases" or "chemical imbalances" of the brain. Where have these "chemical imbalances" come from? I have been a neurologist since 1964. I have discovered real brain and genetic diseases. I am not aware that a single psychiatric, emotional, or behavioral condition has been proved to be a brain abnormality or disease.

In 1948, neurology and psychiatry were formally split by the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology—neurology was to deal with organic disease of the nervous system; psychiatry, with emotional and behavioral problems in the neurologically/physically normal. It wasn't until the 60's, when psychiatric drugs began to be marketed, that Big Pharma and psychiatry merged and declared that all emotional and behavioral problems could be solved by pills.

Not a single psychiatric "disease" has been validated by proof of a confirming abnormality (*e.g.*, elevated blood sugar in diabetes, malignant cells in cancer); all of their "research" is done on subjects who are physically and medically normal, although labeled with one or more of psychiatry's 347 subjective "disease" labels.

A young father testified in hearings on Ritalin in Nashville, Tennessee, in December 1997: "My ten-year-old's psychiatrist said the Ritalin was for his 'chemical imbalance.' I asked him for the lab results. He stuttered, and stammered, then 'lost it,' confessed he had no such records, and banished us from his office."

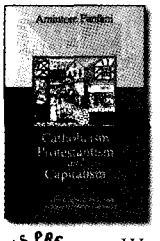
Such is the nature of "biological" psychiatry.

Now Available!

Is "Catholic capitalist" an oxymoron?

Catholicism, Protestantism, and Capitalism

In this definitive and eminently persuasive essay, Dr. Amintore Fanfani—professor of the Economic History and Economic Thought at the famed Catholic University of the Sacred Heard in Milan, Italy, for over 20 years—examines the mentalities and preconceptions possessed by the pioneers of the capitalist system, and illustrates the reaction of Catholicism to it. This work is one of the most scholarly and comprehensive available on the subjet. It will change the way Catholics—and all thoughtful readers—think about capitalism.



by Amintore Fanfani

With Prefaces by Drs. Charles M.A. Clark and Giorgio Campanini

$14.95 • paperback
192pp • 0-9714894-7-5

ALSO AVAILABLE

Irish Impressions
G.K.Chesterton
$12.95 152pp
paperback
0-9714894-5-9

Church and the Land
Fr. Vincent McNabb
$14.95 192pp
paperback
0-9714894-6-7

IHS PRESS
222 W. 21st St., Suite F-122, Dept. D
Norfolk, VA 23517 USA-(757) 423-0324
fax: (419) 715-0361 e-mail: order@ihspress.com

Write, call, fax, e-mail, or visit: www.ihspress.com.
s/h: $3.00 per book; $1.00 ea. add'l. Check, m.o., or credit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Roger D. McGrath

Fire-Breathing Cowards

In 1963, when I was a junior in high school, Saturday-night dances were held at an old beach club near the Santa Monica pier. The club had once been exclusive and elegant but had long fallen on hard times, and its ballroom was rented for various functions. At first, most of those going to the dances, reflecting the demographics of the surrounding areas, were white. This was especially true when surf bands were featured at the dances. In 1963, surf music was at its peak of popularity and did its best to fill the vacuum created by the demise of the great rock 'n' roll of the 50's. As the weeks went by, different black groups also played the dances; soon, black teenagers were making the drive out the new Santa Monica freeway, which intersected the coast highway precisely at the club.

Friction developed almost immediately. The blacks expressed the opinion that particular Saturday-night dances were exclusively their affairs. Any whites wanting to enter the dance had to make their way through a parking lot filled with dozens of loitering black gang members and then run a gauntlet of blacks lining the walkway to the entrance of the ballroom. Whites, often with dates, or with only a friend or two, were at a disadvantage. A senior from our high school was jumped by a half-dozen black gang members and beaten to a pulp. The blacks let it be known that other whites would receive similar treatment if they dared show up at the next dance. By Sunday afternoon, word of the attack had spread, and, on Monday at school, we held an informal meeting during lunch. We vowed revenge for our buddy and promised to assemble in the beach club's parking lot before the dance next Saturday night.

At the appointed time, there were at least two dozen of us there. Conspicuous by their absence, however, were nearly as many others who had sworn to be there. Their rhetoric had been grand: They were going to smash some heads. I can remember one of the no-shows slamming his fist into his hand and telling us what he was going to do come Saturday night. Come Monday morning, back at school, those absent had nothing but lame excuses. The rest of us had a fight to describe.

I am now thinking of that Saturday-night affair when I see the neoconservatives breathing fire and calling for the United States to invade this or that country, to send in the Marines, and to remake the map of the Middle East and perhaps the world. Mind you, neither they nor their sons (or daughters) are going to be the ones to do it. One of the neocon firebreathers, David Frum, has even called those conservatives who have deigned to question the neocon policy on Iraq "unpatriotic." Pardon me, Frum. Just what was your MOS? 0311? 0341? Serve with 3/5 or 1st Force Recon? Exactly when did you go through boot camp or OCS? You must have slipped through PI or MCRD or Quantico unnoticed. Would you like to compare your SRB with a few "unpatriotic conservatives"? Tell me what outfits Richard Perle, Paul Wolfowitz, Douglas Feith, William Kristol, and Michael Ledeen served with. They fatten on government appointments and contracts and propose to remake the Middle East but have yet to swab a barrel with Hoppes.

Chuck Teevan is one of those whom Frum, the armchair warrior, would describe as an unpatriotic conservative. Unlike Frum, Teevan joined the Marines out of college and served with 2/7 as a forward observer for artillery in the operational area southwest of Da Nang known to the Corps as "Arizona." Lieutenant Teevan came back a captain decorated with a Bronze Star with "V" for valor. At one point, he raced through a hail of NVA fire to rescue a radio operator pinned down on a paddy dike. He now thinks of Iraq and whose interests we are serving by our invasion and occupation. He also thinks of the neocon warriors who send patriotic American lads—not from Harvard or Yale or the American Enterprise Institute but from the hills of West Virginia or the panhandle of Texas or the neighborhoods of East Los Angeles and South Boston—to do the fighting. "I recall going through the personal effects of an NVA officer we had killed in a firefight in the Que Son Mountains," says Teevan. "The realization struck me that those of us in frontline units had more in common with the enemy than with those Americans who avoided military service and those in power who sent the sons of other Americans to sacrifice their lives."

Like Teevan, Glenn Miley dares to question the neocon policy for the Middle East. Unlike Frum, Miley went into the Army shortly after high school and served as a medic with the 1st Cavalry in the Central Highlands. He left two ribs and one lobe of a lung there after being hit by a rocket-propelled grenade. He had been dropped into a hot LZ and, in the face of withering fire, was saving the life of his third wounded soldier before he himself was blasted nearly into eternity. He was awarded a Silver Star. A reading of the citation makes it clear that the decoration could have been the Distinguished Service Cross. "Our troops deposed Hussein," says Miley. "The 101st Airborne sent his sons to their reward. However, not one American soldier or Marine was worth that result. Their courage is too rare and precious to squander."

Despite all the propaganda and indoctrination, troops eventually come to understand whether they have been used properly for the defense of America. President Clinton, with dozens of overseas deployments of questionable purpose, abused the military terribly. The troops came to understand this. Driven by the neocon agenda, President Bush is in danger of repeating the process. Already, reports describe troop morale sagging in Iraq. Racing to Baghdad and engaging enemy soldiers was one thing. Occupying a country of 25 million Arabs and Muslims who are not exactly fans of the United States is another. I hope President Bush executes his exit strategy—if he has one—ASAP. Otherwise, our troops will continue dying—one or two a day—from guerilla attacks and from contracting virulent strains of pneumonia and other diseases. Then, too, they might begin to question why they are really there and who are the chicken hawks who put them in harm's way. c

HARD Right
www.ChroniclesMagazine.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BUSH WHITE HOUSE's use of unreliable information in building its case for war with Iraq prompted continued congressional calls for a full investigation after CIA Director George Tenet's July 16 closed-door testimony before the Senate Intelligence Committee. The intelligence chief took responsibility for a highly questionable claim about Iraq's alleged nuclear-weapons program in President Bush's State of the Union Address in January, when the White House was concentrating on presenting Iraq as a clear and present danger to U.S. security.

Tenet reportedly stated that the President's claim that Iraq had sought to purchase uranium in Africa, as part of a drive to produce nuclear weapons, should not have made it into the speech but also, according to Sen. Dick Durbin (D-IL), who was present at the hearing, claimed that an unnamed White House official had insisted on including the uranium claim.

The White House hotly disputed Durbin's account of Tenet's testimony: Bush administration spokesman Scott McClellan told reporters that Durbin's "characterization" of Tenet's testimony was "nonsense." Subsequently, however, President Bush's deputy national security advisor, Stephen Hadley, said that the infamous reference ("The British government has learned that Saddam Hussein recently sought significant quantities of uranium from Africa"), which was derived from a British intelligence report that was later proved to have been based partly on forged documents, "should have been taken out" of the address. Hadley took responsibility for the claim's inclusion in the speech and admitted he had received two CIA memos and a phone call from Tenet disputing the reliability of the nuclear claims last October and that a similar reference was excised from a speech the President gave in Cincinnati on October 7.

The controversy over the uranium claim put the White House on the defensive, with administration officials making confusing and contradictory comments. The attention given to the controversy, however, has served to obscure the larger story of the efforts made by the Bush administration's neoconservative clique and its allies to bypass the intelligence agencies, feeding the White House information from questionable sources outside regular channels and pressuring CIA analysts to boost the case for war.

U.S. media have reported for months on the efforts of neoconservatives to push for war with Iraq before the September 11 terrorist attacks, as well as on their drive to make Iraq the primary target of U.S. military action after the attacks. Among the pro-war group's leading lights were Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld and his deputy, Paul Wolfowitz, who reportedly pressured U.S. intelligence agencies to produce evidence linking Iraq to the Al Qaeda terrorist network. When nothing materialized, Rumsfeld and his neoconservative allies set up the Office of Special Plans (OSP) as the shadow intelligence arm of the White House, while Vice President Dick Cheney and newly minted Pentagon "consultant" Newt Gingrich made numerous—and unprecedented—trips to CIA headquarters, reportedly demanding that agency analysts take a more "forward-leaning" stance on Iraq threat assessments.

The OSP became a clearinghouse for raw intelligence reports and reportedly hired scores of temporary "consultants," including lawyers, congressional staffers, and policy analysts from pro-war Washington think tanks—few with intelligence experience—to sift through the mountains of raw materials. The OSP did not participate in exchanges between representatives of the official intelligence agencies and reportedly did not vet—or, in some cases, even share—the unfiltered information it passed on to the White House.

The war hawks' amateur intelligence operation also forged close ties to a similar unofficial group in Israel. The Israeli group was reportedly charged with providing Prime Minister Ariel Sharon with tougher and more alarming assessments of Iraq than official intelligence agencies were prepared to endorse. The Israel-OSP connection is not surprising: Both Rumsfeld's undersecretary Douglas Feith and neoconservative hawk Richard Perle once served as advisors to former Likud Party boss Benjamin Netanyahu. Israelis were reportedly able to visit the OSP without being cleared through normal Pentagon channels.

The OSP became the pro-war clique's chief weapon in the intelligence battle, giving information of questionable reliability to the hawks, who in turn used that information to pressure intelligence analysts. Ray McGovern, a former CIA officer, is one of several former agency analysts who have publicly attacked the Bush administration's use of intelligence and is a member of a group calling itself Veteran Intelligence Professionals for Sanity. McGovern has claimed that the group is "hearing from dozens of [intelligence] people. A lot of them are very demoralized," as they have been under pressure to "cook" intelligence assessments.

As the story of the Bush administration's spin-doctoring and outright distortion of intelligence develops, U.S. Armed Forces are now, as one military officer put it, fighting a "guerrilla" war in Iraq. And no evidence of Iraqi weapons of mass destruction has yet been found. How much damage the Iraq fiasco will ultimately do to the Bush White House and what role the story of the war hawks' propaganda campaign will play in forming public opinion, however, remains to be seen.

—Allen Dennis

HOMOSEXUAL COUPLES in the Bay State are awaiting the unexpectedly delayed decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court as to whether they have a constitutional right to be married. This question may not have occurred to the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, but, as this issue goes to press, it is anybody's guess how the court will rule. In his dissent in the U.S. Supreme Court's remarkable June decision in *Lawrence* v. *Texas* (which held that no state could impose criminal penalties for consensual homosexual sodomy), Justice Antonin Scalia suggested that there is now no permissible bar to homosexual marriage, and perhaps he is right. *Lawrence* v. *Texas* more or less declared that no state could make any legal discriminations based on the morality of the majority and could certainly be read to hold that homosexual marriage as well as polygamy, bestiality, and even incest—if consensual—may no longer be prohibited. How this was accomplished by the Supreme Court will be the stuff of law-review articles for decades, but a fair reading of the majority's opinion (as Justice Scalia hinted in his dissent) leads to the conclusion that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

six justices were simply expressing their personal preferences and that constitutional law really had little to do with it. The Court, explained Scalia, had simply chosen sides in the ongoing culture war and had, as he put it, accepted the "homosexual agenda."

Part of that agenda is, of course, "gay" marriage, which is not now recognized in any of the 50 states. (Vermont allows "civil unions," something short of marriage.) Is there any means of drawing a line between forbidding a state to interfere with homosexual acts and forbidding it to restrict marriage to heterosexual couples? Probably not, if we take seriously the opinion of the majority in *Lawrence* v. *Texas*, written by Justice Anthony Kennedy, which appears to rest on the inherent dignity of homosexuals and their right to express their individuality in their choice of sexual partners. As Scalia put it, "Today's opinion dismantles the structure of constitutional law that has permitted a distinction to be made between heterosexual and homosexual unions, insofar as formal recognition in marriage is concerned." On the other hand, there is a tradition in Anglo-American law that restricts the institution of marriage to one man and one woman. Take, for example, the definition in *Black's Law Dictionary*, the profession's leading lexicon, that marriage is the "Legal union of one man and one woman as husband and wife." Briefs filed in the Massachusetts case by some religious groups stressed the religious and moral tradition of limiting marriage to men and women, but it is doubtful that will convince the Massachusetts court or any other in today's overwhelmingly secular society. The briefs filed by the plaintiffs in the Massachusetts case, who sought to compel Massachusetts officials to allow homosexual unions as marriages, simply declared that it was unfair to deprive the "gay" couples of the legal rights (to spouse's pensions, to favorable tax treatment, and to inherit when the partner died intestate) that heterosexual marriage assures. There was virtually no recognition in the plaintiff's brief that there might be a societal interest in restricting marriage to those capable of natural procreation in order to encourage "traditional" families, which seemed to be the principal argument of the state in support of the distinction. (The other was that a decision this momentous should be left to the legislature, not to the court.)

The rights of the individual have lately loomed large in Massachusetts, which has generally been on the cutting edge of legal and philosophical thought. If homosexual marriage is to be upheld anywhere, it could happen there. It is possible that the Supreme Judicial Court has held off issuing its decision while it ponders the implications of *Lawrence* v. *Texas*. What this probably means is that the Massachusetts court had been prepared to hold that the state constitution did not guarantee homosexual marriage, and now the Massachusetts justices are pondering whether the federal justices have trumped their decision, as the federal Constitution, which remains the supreme law of the land, now prohibits the criminalization of consensual homosexual sex. If Justice Scalia is right, they will have to declare that neither Massachusetts (nor any other state) can limit marriage to heterosexual couples, and *Black's Law Dictionary* must be revised.

Perhaps Scalia is wrong, however. He is assuming that the normal legal rules of following precedent and logical implications are in force. Since, as Scalia reminds us, what the Supreme Court was really doing in *Lawrence* had little to do with law, the usual rules may not apply. Perhaps the Massachusetts court will discern this and simply draw whatever line it pleases.

—*Stephen B. Presser*

AN IRS publication printed this summer carries an article titled "Information for Employers Paying Wages to Illegal Aliens," the purpose of which is to provide "a summary of an employer's responsibility for withholding and reporting of employment taxes on wages paid to illegal aliens." "For purposes of this article," the IRS sagely explains, "an illegal alien is an individual, resident in the United States, who is not a citizen or a lawful permanent resident and who has not been given authorization to work by the Bureau of Citizenship and Immigration Services (formerly, the Immigration and Naturalization Service)."

"In general," this useful document continues, employers who pay illegal immigrants wages *must* withhold income tax and Social Security and Medicare taxes and also pay an amount matching the second two—just as they are required to do in the case of American citizens or lawful permanent residents. Nonresident and resident-alien workers have a legal obligation to apply for an IRS Individual Taxpayer Identification Number, which is available only to people who do not qualify for a Social Security Number and which *does not* entitle the recipient either to Social Security benefits or Earned Income Tax Credits, nor "create an inference regarding the individual's immigration status."

I'm all right, Jack! Under its system, the IRS takes a healthy cut from the "benefits" of illegal immigration, while illegal immigrants themselves are taxed by forced participation in the Social Security and Medicare programs from which they are ineligible to receive benefits. This is exploitation, in anyone's book. Among the work Americans won't do, apparently, is the forced labor of contributing to retirement plans that fail to make even a pretense of paying off for them. Also, of course, it is fraud.

Such a surprise. As the IRS itself states, "The Immigration Reform and Control Act made all U.S. employers responsible to verify [*sic*] the employment eligibility and identity of all employees hired to work in the United States after November 6, 1986. To implement the law, employers are required to complete Employment Eligibility Verification forms . . . for all employees. Anyone employing an illegal alien without verifying his or her work authorization status is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The United States is supposed to be a law-abiding country, not a banana republic like those from which so many illegal aliens hail. One naturally presumes her anti-alien laws are being enforced as strictly as, say, her tax-payment and anti-discrimination statutes are. The IRS, however, seems not to share that presumption nor to expect hundreds of thousands of American employers and several million illegal invaders to share it, either. In fact, it is signaling them to ignore the law of the land. Clearly, the left hand of the federal government does not care to know what its other left hand is doing.

—*Chilton Williamson, Jr.*

THE *NEW YORK TIMES* is still perpetuating the myth of Thomas Jefferson and Sally Hemings, despite the weight of scholarly evidence. (See, for example, Egon Tausch's exhaustive *Chronicles* article, "Tom and Sally and Joe and Fawn," *Views*, March 1999.) The myth, first touted by a postmaster *manqué* who turned to yellow journalism after Jefferson denied him patronage, resurfaced with a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vengeance in 1998. Based on DNA evidence that indicated that a Jefferson male sired at least one of Hemings' seven children, historian Joseph Ellis wrote an article in *Nature* claiming that the DNA fingered Thomas Jefferson himself. The article was rushed to press during the congressional impeachment of Bill Clinton, which Ellis actively opposed. He drew parallels in defense of Clinton, suggesting that, if Jefferson used his slaves for a harem, William Jefferson Clinton's tryst with Monica Lewinsky seemed innocuous.

Ellis is not an impartial scholar. In 2001, the *Boston Globe* exposed him as an habitual liar—*e.g.*, he never served in Vietnam or campaigned for civil rights. His propaganda worked, however. Oprah Winfrey invited Sally Hemings' descendants on her show, where they appeared with a Jefferson descendant, Lucian Truscott IV. He, in turn, invited them to be his guests at reunions of the Monticello Association, which is made up of those who can trace direct lineage to Jefferson. For the next three years, they would descend on Charlottesville and demand admittance as fellow members.

In the meantime, a group of distinguished scholars was convened by the Thomas Jefferson Heritage Society to examine the Hemings family's case. After a year-long investigation, the panel's 550-page report concluded that the case rested on flimsy and even false evidence. The DNA merely showed that Hemings' youngest son, Eston, was fathered by one of more than two dozen Jefferson males in Virginia at the time. The most likely culprit was Jefferson's younger brother Randolph. According to a contemporary slave's account, Randolph spent his evenings at Monticello among the slaves, "dancing half the night." There is also evidence that he fathered children by his own slaves. Furthermore, the oral history passed down by Eston's descendants claimed he was the son of "an uncle." (Jefferson's brother was known at Monticello as Uncle Randolph, because of his relationship to the president's daughters.)

Thomas, on the other hand, was in his 60's and in declining health. Even if he were young and hale, however, it is hard to imagine that a man so jealous of his reputation would risk it so wantonly.

Based on these findings, the Monticello Association in 2002 voted against admitting the members of the Hemings family. The reaction, unlike Monticello's founder, was not reasonable. (I was at the meeting as a guest and as a reporter for the *Washington Times*.) One woman even accused the KKK of funding the report. The panel's chairman, University of Virginia law professor Robert Turner, wearily rolled his eyes. "We didn't get paid a dime" for the work, he replied.

The truth never mattered to the myth's proponents, however, and so the charade continues. Some Hemings family members continue to profit from hawking books and riding the lecture circuit. And this July, Mr. Truscott and his former guests made sure the press knew that they were boycotting the Monticello Association in favor of a private reunion of Monticello's slave descendants. The *Times* fawningly covered the event and quoted Joseph Ellis as its historical expert. It also ran an op-ed by Mr. Truscott, who imputed racist motives to the Monticello Association and stated the myth as plain fact. (When I met the Hollywood screenwriter at a Monticello wine-and-cheese reception, he gave this explanation for why his ancestor's relations, such as brother Randolph, would not have messed with Sally: "If they knew that she was his top slave, she'd be the last piece of a-- they would have gone for. You don't go after the big guy's woman.")

A week later, the *Times* agreed to run a brief letter to the editor from Monticello Association member Sal Pace, who attempted to set the record straight. (It took a while to convince the paper that Ellis might be unreliable.) "The *Times* tally was one guest op-ed, one in-house op-ed, one front page news story, and three letters to the editor against us, and one for us," he said. "I guess that's something."

—*Matthew Rarey*

OBITER DICTA: The editors and staff of *Chronicles* and The Rockford Institute thank the **Charlotte and Walter Kohler Charitable Trust** for graciously underwriting this issue of your favorite magazine.

We are pleased to announce some changes in our editorial staff. *Chronicles*' long-time contributor and Washington editor **Samuel Francis** will be filling the new post of political editor, ensuring that our political coverage is top-notch. Our new editorial assistant is **Matthew Rarey**. Mr. Rarey, the former letters editor for the *Washington Times*, is a graduate of Wabash College and hails from Chicago.

In **H.A. Scott Trask**'s review ("*Pax Americana*") in the July issue, Lawrence F. Kaplan, coauthor with William Kristol of *The War Over Iraq*, was incorrectly identified as "Kagan." The editors regret the error.

In **Justin Raimondo**'s "The Terror Enigma: Israel and the September 11 Connection" (*Chronicles Intelligence Assessment*, August), the following quote is erroneously attributed to *Jane's Defense Intelligence Digest*: "What is striking about Fox News reporter Carl Cameron's portrait of Israel's spy network in the U.S. is the sheer vastness of his subject. The broad scope of the operation, with its many fronts and activities conducted from coast to coast, had all the aspects of a major military campaign. In the months leading up to 9/11, Cameron claimed, Israel was waging a covert war against its principal ally and benefactor, the United States." These words were actually written by the author. We regret the error.

Our first poet this month is **Brian Kirkpatrick**. Dr. Kirkpatrick, a physician from Baltimore, Maryland, is a frequent contributor to *Chronicles*' *Correspondence* section.

Our second poet is **Fred Chappell**. Mr. Chappell, the Poet Laureate of North Carolina, is the author of numerous works of fiction and poetry, including *Dagon (Voices of the South)* and *Family Gathering: Poems*, both published by Louisiana State University Press.

Our inside illustrations are provided by St. Petersburg native **Anatol Woolf**, who, in addition to freelance work, has designed sets for theaters in Russia and provided illustrations for St. Petersburg Textbook Publishers. Since coming to America in 1987, Mr. Woolf has been a frequent contributing artist to *Chronicles*, as well as to the *Washington Post*, the *Washington Times*, *Policy Review*, *National Geographic Traveler*, *Legal Times*, and *Cricket*. Mr. Woolf works with a variety of materials, from watercolors to pencil to acrylic. Further samples of his work are available on his website: *www.netcom.com/~a.woolf/*.

Our cover is a reproduction of one of Thomas Jefferson's architectural drawings of Monticello, provided by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

To Subscribe (800) 877-5459

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreword

In a series of popular books, Americans have been informed why Johnny can't read; why Johnny can't tell right from wrong; and why Johnny can't write, lead, concentrate—and still can't read. For the most part, however, they are not being told (despite the p.r. blurbs) what they can do about it. To repair the damages of an entire century of cultural vandalism, we are told to teach phonics or "good literature" or give positive reinforcement.

The most obvious difference between American college graduates of 1903 and those of 2003 is that the former knew Latin and the latter know, more or less, nothing. Any program of rebuilding, therefore, will begin with the revival of the classical tradition. Anyone can learn the basics of reading and writing, but few people can read and write *well* if they have never studied Latin, and those who have been cut off from the Greek classics are deprived of the deepest and strongest current of human wisdom and beauty that has flowed into Christendom.

In 1819, Thomas Jefferson, in a letter to John Brazier, expressed gratitude to his father for providing him with a classical education.

> Among the values of classical learning, I estimate the luxury of reading the Greek and Roman authors in all the beauties of their originals. And why should not this innocent and elegant luxury take its preëminent stand ahead of all those addressed merely to the senses? I think myself more indebted to my father for this than for all the other luxuries his cares and affections have placed within my reach; and more now than when younger, and more susceptible of delights from other sources. When the decays of age have enfeebled the useful energies of the mind, the classic pages fill up the vacuum of ennui, and become sweet composers to that rest of the grave into which we are all sooner or later to descend.

For Thomas Jefferson and John Adams (to name only two Founding Fathers of the American republic), the study of the Greek and Latin classics was more than a luxury to be enjoyed by cultivated gentlemen. The classics were an essential resource for their understanding of political liberty and the indispensable foundation of any true education.

While Latin has always been, for men of Western Europe and America, the gateway to all humane learning, Greek, to those who are lucky enough to study it, provides the platform for higher stages of study; and the beauty of the Greek language, for those who have really learned it, is a source of almost indescribable pleasure. As Dr. Johnson (the wisest Christian moralist in our language) observed, "Greek, sir, is like lace. Every man gets as much of it as he can." This was said in an age when men wore as much lace as they could afford. Jefferson may have preferred republican corduroy, but he agreed with Johnson on the Greek, and, as he grew older, he salted *and* peppered his letters with learned discussions of Greek meter and antiquities. I find the same thing happening myself and find more to think about in the 100 lines of Euripides or Sophocles with which I begin the morning than in all the journals, newspapers, weblogs, and news broadcasts that will cast their polluted pall over a day that dawned so fair.

To this issue of *Chronicles*, a number of classical scholars and teachers have contributed essays on the advantages of studying the classics and on the particular insights to be gained from reading specific Greek works. Our issue is not offered as a blueprint for studying Greek, much less as a shortcut to instant proficiency in the classics. It is meant only to ring a few bells in the memories of those who might once have dreamed of learning Greek and to stiffen the resolve of parents who have resolved to give their children a gift beyond price, which even the poorest families can afford.

—*Thomas Fleming*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Thomas Fleming

Back to Reality

The modern age has been a 500-year revolution against Aristotle. Bacon and Galileo assailed his authority in the natural sciences; neoplatonists rejected his metaphysics in favor of a false mysticism that was little better than black magic; Epicureans, thrilled with the insights of the rediscovered poem of Lucretius, preferred hedonism and materialism to Aristotle's morality of balance and prudence and metaphysics that gave credit both to the world of the senses and to the higher reality that Parmenides and Plato had revealed. Most significantly, perhaps, was the war waged by moral and political philosophers, from Descartes and Leibniz to Kant and Marx, on Aristotle's approach to human moral and social life.

In the official version of modernity, Aristotle was a false idol overthrown by brave men seeking the truth. In reality, Aristotle never intended to set up a reigning ideology; his whole method of patient accumulation of fact and careful analysis is against it. His greatest disciple, Thomas Aquinas, was no less open-minded in his explanation of reality, and neither, if presented with the evidence, would have quarreled with the results of a truly scientific investigation. They would both, however, have deplored the alchemical search for divine power that was pursued by the originators of modern science.

The magical quest to transcend human limitation and assume the divine power of creation has worked great mischief, symbolized by the pollution of the ancient elements of air, earth, and water; by the devastation wrought by modern weaponry in the hands of modern men; by the infanticidal rage that is "a woman's right to choose"; and by the diabolical plot to create or clone human beings. Such mischief, bad as it has been, is trivial compared with the moral revolution made by the anti-Aristotelians.

Aristotle's most important observations on human life are found in his *Eudemian* and *Nicomachean Ethics*, the *Politics* and *Constitution of Athens*, the *Rhetoric* and the *Poetics*. Because ethics, politics, rhetoric, and poetry are all concerned with human behavior (*ethos*), he seems to have lumped them together generically as *ethica*. In all these works, Aristotle says many invaluably true things about human behavior, politics, and art, but what is essential is not the specific truths or even his system itself, which may strike us moderns as entirely too teleological (that is, predicated on the assumption that all natural processes have a perfect form toward which they are either tending or from which they are falling away). Although the Aristotelian system, *qua* system, probably does offer a better intellectual framework than the alternatives, it is his approach to human questions that is so invaluable.

Aristotle's father was a physician, who would have spent much of his time observing and recording symptoms. The young philosopher, in addition, seems to have been, from early on, a passionate naturalist, an avocation that requires patient observation of phenomena more than bold speculation. Aristotle always begins with the accumulation of evidence. In his study of metaphysics, for example, he began by collecting the opinions of his predecessors; in his *Poetics*, he clearly bases his theories on what he can observe of the most highly regarded poets; before writing his *Politics*, he sent his students across the Mediterranean world, collecting specimens of local constitutions—and not just from Greek communities.

In all "ethical" questions (that is, questions related to human life), Aristotle is suspicious of theories that supersede the evidence provided by custom, tradition, and common sense. Whenever Aristotle opposes a philosopher's opinion to folk wisdom, he is setting up the philosopher for a fall. But which, after all, is more likely to be true, when it is a question of bringing up children, the speculation of a philosopher or the common wisdom of grandmothers?

Aristotle's interest in the everyday opinions of ordinary people and his distrust of theory is neither a conservative reflex nor the sign of an irrational mind. At the heart of his ethical understanding is the realization that the methods of abstract science cannot be applied wholesale to moral and political questions. Near the beginning of the *Ethics*, he makes the point explicitly, drawing out the distinction between exact sciences, capable of demonstration, and the fuzzier disciplines that study human life (such as ethics and politics) where we must be content with partial truths and rough outlines, for

> it is the mark of an educated man to seek precision only so far as the nature of the subject admits. To demand logical proofs from rhetoric is the rough equivalent of expecting mathematics to use the language of persuasion.

Nearly all modern political and ethical theories are based on a rejection of this (it seems to me) self-evident truth. Descartes, Leibniz, Locke, and Kant, Adam Smith and Karl Marx, and all their lesser successors today have founded elaborate systems on *a priori* principles, such as equality, liberty, individualism, class struggle, and the like. They then proceed from these baseless assumptions to construct vast moral, economic, and political systems that violate the most elementary understanding of human behavior. Modern science, instead of refuting Aristotle and confirming his enemies in the social sciences, has vindicated the philosopher and annihilated the false disciplines of sociology and political science. Despite the excesses and eccentricities of certain theorists, the researches of sociobiologists and gencticists have given us an understanding of human nature that is alien to the abstractions of both Smith and Marx, who made the basic mistake of ignoring Aristotle's methodological warning against the application of pure reason to human things.

It is no detraction from Plato to say that he was so enthralled by the realization that mathematics and logic conveyed a truth beyond the senses that he was tempted to redesign human nature. For example, he acknowledged that most men are right-handed, but he believed that, with proper training, we could all be ambidextrous. Apply that sort of thinking to concrete social problems, and you end up with the total state. Aristotle, however, was more skeptical. In grappling with the concept of natural justice (*Eth. Nic.* V), he says that it is not, except for the gods, an absolute like fire, which burns

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the same in Persia as in Greece. Slyly answering Plato's delusion, he suggests that it is more like right-handedness, a tendency that is quasiuniversal but does not exclude the possibility of ambidexterity.

Aristotle takes the reality of human life as he finds it. Men and women are born into a family, grow up, rear children, take part in the life of their community. Their happiness is determined by the friendship or love that kinfolk and friends feel for one another. He refuses to boil all these particular relationships down to the unsightly goo of universal duties. Justice cannot be reduced to simple universals, because different kinds of virtue are required of different people. "A father's or a master's justice is not the same as that of the citizens," he observes and makes all the routine distinctions of Greek society (and every other society but ours). It is worse to cheat a comrade than a fellow citizen; to fail to help a brother is worse than failure to aid a stranger; and striking a father is a more terrible crime than any other assault.

According to Aristotle, all laws are, by their nature, universal statements that cannot comprehend every contingency. For human beings, at least, fairness and reasonableness (*epieikeia*) are better adapted to the needs of justice than the kind of dogmatic absolutism that leads to error, and, while Aristotle seems to be discussing actual legislation, his strictures apply with equal force to the absolute moral laws proposed by such modern philosophers as John Rawls or Robert Nozick or Thomas Nagel (to name only three conspicuous offenders).

In contrast with Kant, who thought that mother-love was too irrational to be genuinely moral, Aristotle recognizes the central fact of kinship in human life. At times, he writes as if he has been studying sociobiology. One cannot be just to one's children, for example, because they are so much a part of oneself. Parents, he says, love children as their very selves, and brothers love each other as being born from the same parents: Their identity with the parents makes them identical with each other (*Eth. Nic.* 1161b). It is the reality of friendship, not the abstractions of liberty and equality, that is at the heart of his understanding. In his discussion of friendship in the *Eudemian Ethics*, Aristotle starts with the general opinion that, since

> Justice and injustice are chiefly a question of friends . . . justice and friendship are the same thing, or close to it. . . . [O]ur personal acts of justice directed toward friends are up to us, while just behavior directed toward others is established by law and not up to us.

By friendship (*philia*), Aristotle means something like affection or love, and the most natural (as well as the most powerful) form is the love between parents and children. More broadly spread throughout the community, it is friendship, rather than justice, that holds the city together. Although most people would rather receive than give love, the hallmark of friendship is loving, and the strongest example is the unselfish love of a mother who may even be willing to give her child up, if that is in his best interest.

Friendship is the basis of all human associations that require sharing and mutual responsibilities. To the extent that we have a "relationship," there is friendship to the same extent—and justice. In this sense, justice and friendship are concerned with the same things. Aristotle's arguments seem to lead to a conclusion that most Greeks would have readily accepted: It is only by loving others and by treating them as part of ourselves that we can behave justly toward them.

Modern readers are often puzzled by Aristotle's insistence that only the virtuous are happy. We have all seen successful, apparently "happy" people who achieved success by immoral means and often at the expense of friends and family members. The successful immoralist cannot be happy, however, precisely because he has harmed his relatives, neighbors, and fellow countrymen.

Aristotle thought happiness was an ultimate good both because we would give up other things—*e.g.*, wealth and power—if they stood in the way of happiness and because happiness is "self-sufficient"—that is, complete in itself, not requiring anything beyond it. But Aristotle recognized that self-sufficiency (or autarky) was not possible for individuals (*Eth. Nic.* I.7 1097a 9-13):

> By self-sufficient we do not mean that which is sufficient for a man by himself, for one who lives a solitary life, but also for his parents, wife, children, and more generally for his friends and fellow citizens, since man is a naturally social creature.

Aristotle concedes that some limit has to be set to avoid an infinite regression toward that abstraction we now call "society" or even "humanity," and, for the sake of analysis, he agrees to isolate the quality of happiness as that which makes life happy and complete; it was still difficult, however, for a Greek, even in the fourth century, to isolate individual happiness from its social context. Aristotle had warned his fellow Greeks against the perils of a large commonwealth in which aliens can usurp the privileges of citizens, and, if he were alive today, he would be pointing out the problems of vast nation-states that destroy the human scale.

Aristotle is often lumped together with Plato, because they both upheld the philosophical ideal of contemplation as the highest form of happiness, but Aristotle was more alive to the importance of friendship and kinship as conditions for a happy life. Anthony Kenny, who has made a controversial argument for the *Eudemian Ethics* as Aristotle's final vision of the good life, makes an essential point that Aristotle wants to prove that "[T]he good man needs friends by showing that the good involved in perceiving and knowing is essentially a shared good."

Human beings are not born in isolation, and their happiness is bound up with the fate of those they love. Not everyone would go as far as Aristotle in wondering if the fortunes of the living affect the dead (*Eth. Nic.* I), although that was a common Greek sentiment. Nonetheless, even modern Christians speak of "the communion of saints," the belief that, in receiving the bread and wine, all believers—regardless of time and space, life and death—are in mystical communion with Christ's Body and Blood and with one another.

For Aristotle, as for Plato and St. Paul, God is the ultimate object of our attention. Even in the *Eudemian Ethics*, as Kenny points out, "the intellectual love of God is . . . also the prime motive within the soul," and the key to virtue is to know, love, and serve God." Unlike other philosophers who had a theocentric vision of human life, however, Aristotle never contemned the duties and pleasures of everyday life. This sane and all-embracing vision that leads us from love of family to love of our neighbor to love of country to love of God may be the principal reason why St. Thomas always calls him The Philosopher. The road that leads from Descartes to Locke to Mill and Marx is the road to the madhouse. Aristotle is our guide back to sanity. c

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Roger D. McGrath

Unit 731

Every time I ask my college students if they are familiar with Nazi atrocities, the collective reply is "Of course." Nearly all of them have also heard of Dr. Josef Mengele and his horrific medical experiments conducted at Auschwitz. The "Angel of Death" has been the subject of countless lectures, articles, books, movies, and documentaries. And well should his inhumanity and bestial cruelty in the name of science be remembered and condemned. Yet, it is a rare day when I find a student who can identify Japan's Unit 731, which made Mengele look like a piker.

During World War II, Unit 731 conducted the most atrocious medical experiments imaginable on thousands of Chinese and Koreans and hundreds of Russians, British, and Americans. The late Sheldon Harris, the author of *Factories of Death*, said, "My calculation, which is very conservative, and based on incomplete sources as the major archives are still closed, is that 10,000 to 12,000 human beings were exterminated in lab experiments." Long before his book was published, Harris told me that the number of deaths that he could verify was probably only a small portion of the real total.

Japan's Kwantung Army, which controlled Manchuria and anticipated a war with the Soviet Union and fighting in subzero temperatures, was especially interested in the effects of frostbite. Unit 731 conducted frostbite research using prisoners. The hapless victims had parts of their bodies frozen, then thawed, and then refrozen. The progress of the frostbite was carefully recorded. Some men were chained outside in the snow with a leg or an arm exposed. When fully frozen, the limb was then beaten with a club to see how the bone and flesh would react in its frozen state. There were dozens of varieties of these experiments. Many of the experiments were filmed so greater numbers of Japanese doctors could study the prisoners' agonies.

Unit 731 researchers also studied the effects of high-altitude flying and G-forces. Wired with several measuring devices, prisoners were locked in pressure chambers. With cameras rolling, the pressure was increased until the test subjects collapsed in convulsions and slowly and agonizingly died. They were the lucky ones. Hundreds of prisoners were repeatedly shot, but not fatally, so Japanese doctors could gain experience removing bullets. The surgeries were performed without the benefit of anesthesia. Also without anesthesia and to gain more experience for battlefield surgeries, the doctors amputated prisoners' limbs. Most horrific of all, though, were the autopsies performed on live prisoners without anesthesia. After being infected with various diseases, the prisoners had their body cavities surgically opened to study their internal organs. "I cut him open from the chest to the stomach," said a Japanese doctor of a prisoner, "and he screamed terribly and his face twisted in agony—made this unimaginable sound, he was screaming so horribly. This was all in a day's work for the surgeons, but it really left an impression on me because it was my first time."

When a B-29 was heavily damaged while bombing Kyushu, the flight crew was forced to bail out. Nine of the Americans survived the parachute ride to the ground, only to be captured. Taken to Kyushu University, they were used for medical experiments. The first American taken into the operating room assumed he was about to be treated for a bayonet wound he had suffered when captured. Instead, he was used to study the effects of wounds that caused the loss of a body part. A doctor cut open his chest and removed a lung. At the same time, he was given intravenous injections of seawater to determine if the ocean brine could be used as a substitute for a sterile saline solution. The experiment failed. Another member of the B-29 crew had a portion of his liver removed; another, a portion of his brain. And so it went until the supply of subjects was exhausted. None survived the ordeal.

Hundreds of American prisoners at Mukden in Manchuria were, said prisoner Frank James, "guinea pigs for the biological research Unit 731." James said that, while they were being transported to the prison camp, they had glass rods inserted in their rectums and that, upon arrival, they were met by masked medical personnel who sprayed an unidentified liquid in their faces and gave them injections. Many men quickly sickened and died. James was one of those given the job of stacking the corpses in an old warehouse where the subzero winter temperatures preserved them in good condition. When the bodies began to thaw in the spring, a team of doctors selected dozens for autopsies. James and another prisoner lifted the corpses onto tables and then, said James, "the Japanese opened the bodies . . . and took out the desired specimens, which were placed in containers and marked with the POW's number."

One would assume that the doctors of Unit 731 were among those standing in the dock at the Tokyo War Crimes Trials. Such was not their fate, however. Although the full story is long and complex, essentially a bargain was struck between the commander of Unit 731, Lt. Gen. Shiro Ishii, an army doctor who had risen through the ranks to lead the horrific experiments, and the United States. Ishii would share all Japan's biological and chemical research in return for immunity from prosecution for him and his fellow doctors. Ishii lived well, benefiting from dozens of medical patents—the result of his wartime research—and died in 1959, unrepentant to the end. Several of his fellow doctors became professors of medicine at Japanese universities. One became the CEO of a Japanese pharmaceutical company; another, the president of the Japan Medical Association.

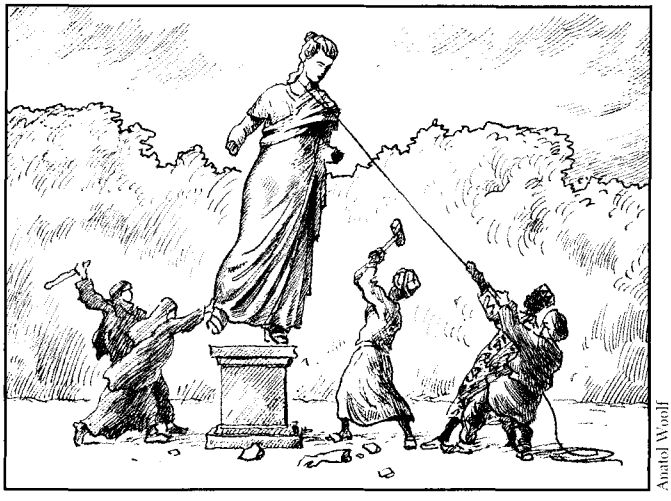
While the Japanese regularly hold memorial services for those who died at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, there is no mention of the B-29 crewmembers who were the subjects of medical experiments at Kyushu University, midway between the two cities. Nor is there mention of the thousands of others who suffered agonizing deaths at the hands of Japanese doctors. Worst, by far, though, is the silence on the horror in American schools. c

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notes on American Education

Following Marx's Road Map

by Sir Hugh Lloyd-Jones



The great American universities are, on the whole, the best in the world, and any European who comes to teach in them is sure to be impressed by the liveliness and enthusiasm of many American students. However, there are drawbacks that are bound to be noticed quickly by someone whose academic subject is the literature and religion of Greece and Rome and whose politics, unlike those of most academics in our time, tend to be conservative.

It is not easy to know the Greek and Latin languages, or indeed any foreign languages, well, unless you start early. I have no direct experience of primary education in this country, but I have the impression that many private as well as many public schools waste the precious years when the memory is at its best. The pragmatist philosopher John Dewey encouraged educational theorists to despise the memory, on which all human knowledge in the last resort depends, and to exalt the learning of manual skills. That kind of theory well suits fond parents who wish to save their darlings from having their brains strained unduly by having to work hard. In many schools, learning takes second place to processes supposed to promote "social adjustment"; I remember the head-mistress in Nabokov's novel *Lolita*, who tells Humbert Humbert that the most important subjects in her school are the three D's—Dancing, Debating, and Dating. Many schoolteachers seem to cling to the liberal belief that learning can and should be all fun. In the hands of a gifted teacher, this can be managed for a good deal of the time, though such teachers are comparatively rare. Serious education, however, especially in mathematics and languages, is not possible without hard work, and most human beings will not work hard without a measure of compulsion.

The spirit of independence and resistance to authority that is characteristic of American democracy has, of course, an admirable side. It also has a side that is less admirable, which, in the past, was kept in check by the discipline inherited from the early Puritans and their spiritual descendants. In our own time, tradition has been increasingly rejected, and, with tradition, many people have rejected discipline.

The inadequacy of the schools is reinforced by the general character of social life; television, in particular, has a disastrous influence on the young. Reading requires some mental activity, but television allows the watcher to remain passive, and little of the material it presents has any educational value; it wastes time that might be spent on reading and encourages superficial thinking. When they finally get to college, students are likely to be flattered by professors anxious to obtain large enrollments, who are flattered in turn by the evaluations of their courses that the universities have foolishly allowed the students to produce, and who try to convert the students to their own beliefs. They therefore try to make their lectures easy and entertaining; in the long run, however, most students find that the lectures that are most easy and entertaining are by no means always those that do them the most good.

Our problems in England are not dissimilar. In Oxford and Cambridge, everything has traditionally centered on undergraduate education; each undergraduate has at least one hour with his tutor every week, alone or with one or two companions. That system is now under increasing strain, partly because the schools are no longer providing students with the basic general education that enables them to go straight on to advanced work at the university. This is even truer of the situation in America.

Sir Hugh Lloyd-Jones is the Regius Professor of Greek Emeritus at Oxford University and the author of several books, including The Justice of Zeus.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In each of the four great American universities at which I have been a visiting professor, I have felt that undergraduate education is neglected. Very often, much of it is entrusted to graduate students, who themselves are only beginners.

When people complain of this state of affairs, as they very often do, some people say that professors should do less research. The demand that professors should "publish or perish" does a great deal of harm; for one thing, it leads to the publication of much boring stuff of the kind the great scholar and considerable poet Housman was thinking when he wrote "Works like this are simply an interruption to our studies." But intelligently conducted research, far from harming teaching, can be its greatest boon; the person who is engaged in increasing learning often has the urge to communicate it. There are some gifted teachers who have no gift for research, and they need to be encouraged, but they are comparatively rare. As a rule, the university teacher who has no interest in extending knowledge and in discussing problems with others dries up after a certain age and ceases to communicate effectively with his pupils.

All this became clear to me during my early visits to America, all the more because I could see similar factors at work in my own country. In recent years, however, the situation has been made infinitely worse by the politicization of the American academy. For many years, the men of theory who abound in universities drew comfort from the existence of a rival way of life in the Soviet Union and the countries that it used to dominate, whose system was (or was supposed to be) governed by a theory that looked so wonderful on paper. Belief in that theory was prompted by the best and most innocent of motives; kindhearted liberals wanted the benefits they themselves enjoyed to be available to everyone. Marx and Freud gradually came to resemble two aged dogs lying in their baskets, cosseted all the more by their devoted owners as the aroma they diffused grew stronger. Now that the practical application of their theories has collapsed, these people continue the same work by different methods; instead of teaching Marxism and Freudianism directly, they preach a collectivism that takes the form of an extreme preoccupation with the grievances of certain groups, particularly women, blacks, and homosexuals.

It is worthwhile trying to understand the theoretical basis of this new kind of collectivism. First of all, it rests on relativism; there is no objective goodness and no objective truth; instead, everything depends on the viewpoint of the individual, or rather of the group to which he belongs. Next, it is preoccupied with power; the existing culture is seen as a means of preserving the power of a particular group. Third, a work of art is seen not as the creation of its author but as a product of the society to which he belonged; and relativism teaches us that Mickey Mouse is as good as Shakespeare and Norman Rockwell is as good as Michelangelo. Most great writers and artists of the past are contemptuously referred to as "dead white males"; their work has to be replaced, or at least supplemented, by the productions of women, blacks, and homosexuals. We are told that women, blacks, and homosexuals will feel uncomfortable unless they are taught by women, blacks, and homosexuals; thus, political correctness demands that the old-fashioned idea that academic posts should go to the best-qualified people be abandoned. More and more universities are setting up departments of women's studies, black studies, and, now, of "gay" studies. Students are encouraged to think of themselves primarily as members of the women's community, the black community, the "gay" community, or whatever other community they are thought to belong to; if they fail to think and behave as members of those collectivities, they are often persecuted by the others.

All students are to some extent victimized by this nonsense, but particularly the black students. Everyone must admire the great effort now being made by the American nation to redress the injustices of slavery. The best way of doing that, however, is surely to encourage blacks to live and work together with whites and to produce work that can be judged by the same standards, not to huddle together whining with self-pity and breathing hostility against others. Also, black students, no less than any others, need to be given an education that will enable them to think independently, not indoctrination of the kind common in totalitarian states.

Not all blacks who teach in universities are talking this kind of nonsense; the absurdities of such agitators as New York professor Leonard Jeffries cause some people to forget the existence of a considerable number of black scholars, some of whom are doing excellent work in combating the harm done by the rabble-rousers.

More guilty even than those rabble-rousers are the university administrators who, out of sentimentality or cowardice, allow blacks to get away with behavior that would not be tolerated in other students. Just as there are black professors who do not encourage this kind of thing, so there are moderate feminists who champion the cause of women without fanaticism and homosexuals who are free of persecution mania.

Some 20 years ago, the famous critic Lionel Trilling wrote that American society was likely to alienate itself increasingly from the humanistic educational ideal; now that higher education no longer led as easily as it once did to higher pay and social betterment, it was sure to be less valued. Resistance to higher education started in the 60's: Too many people were going to college; most people are not suited to it; many of them loathed it; and, once they ceased to think that they would profit from it, they revolted against it. Students of the present generation are not rebellious, like those of the 60's, but they are just as difficult to teach; many are dull, lazy, and materialistic, caring only for vocational training and impatient of real education. Nor has the cult of political correctness done much to cause higher education to be valued more.

This trend, if it continues, can lead to disaster. In the long run, the prosperity and, indeed, the livelihood of everyone depends on the most gifted people and the education they receive. Also, even a modicum of higher education can enormously increase the comforts and the pleasures of human life. We can already perceive the beginnings of a backlash against the destructive nonsense of political correctness. When that develops, I hope to see as well a reaction against the increasingly rapid movement toward crude utilitarianism.

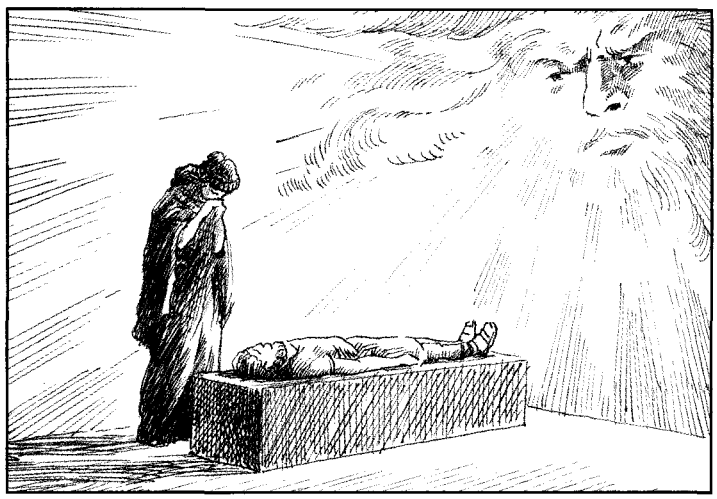
One of the most infuriating things about academics is the contempt that such men of theory are very apt to show for those who carry on the business of the world. It is a mistake to allow that superior attitude on the part of some of them to blind us to the advantages that higher education brings or to the merits that some of its practitioners have. It is possible to remain conscious of those advantages and merits even while doing all we can to ridicule and resist the dangerous absurdities of the new collectivism, with its distressing resemblance to the kind of collectivism that, in the 30's, led to the rule of Hitler and Stalin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sophocles' *Antigone*

Why the Gods Do Not Spare the Innocent

by Mary Lefkowitz



Anatol Woolf

Sophocles' *Antigone* is a drama about a young woman who defies orders because she believes them to be wrong. Her uncle Creon, the ruler of Thebes, had proclaimed that no one was to give the rites of burial to Antigone's brother Polynices, because he besieged his own homeland. However, Greek religious custom unambiguously requires that the dead must be given a proper burial, and the next of kin had primary responsibility for the rites of burial. Antigone understands that ties of blood take precedence over temporary disputes and rivalries. She believes that she will see her family again, after she dies, when she will live in the lower world in a house with other members of her family, who will be united in death as they never were during their lifetimes.

Antigone's courage makes her appear to be a protofeminist, a woman who refuses to stay inside the house and do what is expected of her. In fact, however, it is not remarkable that the person who loses her life because of her piety toward the gods happens to be female and that the violator of the gods' laws happens to be male. Even though the ancient Greeks did not permit women to govern or to vote, they recognized that females often had a better sense of what is right and just than men do and that they were the survivors of the wars initiated and fought by men. Women preserved the family; they washed the bodies of the dead and performed the rituals of lamentation. Despite the restrictions imposed on ordinary women in private life, they played significant roles in epic and in Athenian theater.

When she disobeys her uncle, Antigone knows that she will be sentenced to death. Nonetheless, with great courage and determination, she tries to bury her brother. She is prepared to do what is right rather than what is convenient or safe. Yet the gods allow her to die and let Creon live, although in disgrace and misery. In addition, the gods do nothing to prevent Creon's son Haemon and Creon's innocent wife from killing themselves. Neither they nor Antigone did anything wrong; Creon, however, remains alive, even though he defied established religious custom. How can this be justice?

We cannot look to Sophocles' biography or historical context to help us understand why he let Antigone die. We know very little about Sophocles' life: He probably was born in 497/6 B.C. and died in 406. The limited evidence that we have suggests that his contemporaries regarded his work highly. In the competitions among the three dramatists chosen every year to write and produce a set of plays, he often won first prize but never third. In fact, he appears to have been more popular than any other dramatist in his lifetime, including Euripides. He wrote at least 123 plays; only seven complete plays survive. We do not know exactly when *Antigone* was performed, or if it won first prize, or what its first audience thought of it.

How can we discover the original meaning of the drama without the reports of contemporary critics or the words of the author himself? One possible approach is through ancient Greek religion. In ancient Athens, dramas were performed at the festival of Dionysus. As such, they were quite literally religious events, meant to honor the god of the festival and all other gods with whom he was associated. Honoring the gods requires that one recognize their power: They live forever, never grow old; they have all the power and knowledge, but nothing that any man accomplishes endures. Mortals must learn to recognize their limitations; in reality, however, they rarely do so. Virtually every surviving ancient Athenian drama brings out this strong distinction.

Mary Lefkowitz, the Andrew W. Mellon Professor in the Humanities at Wellesley College, is the author of Not Out of Africa: How Afrocentrism Became an Excuse to Teach Myth as History. *Her book* Greek Gods, Human Lives *will be published this autumn.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Antigone belongs to the last surviving generation of a family that suffered because they did not follow the instructions of the gods. Her grandfather Laius was warned not to beget a child; nonetheless, he did so. The child, as was the ancient custom, was taken to a remote place to die, either of malnutrition or as a victim of predators. Instead, however, he was given to a shepherd to be raised in another city. When the child, Oedipus, learned that he might have been adopted, he went to the oracle at Delphi to learn who his true parents were and was told that he would kill his father and marry his mother. He thought he could avoid fulfilling the oracle by staying away from Corinth. On his way north, however, he killed an older man without knowing who he was and then later married the widow of the king of Thebes, Jocasta, without realizing that she was his mother. They had two daughters, Antigone and Ismene, and two sons, Eteocles and Polynices.

Sophocles' drama *Oedipus the King* describes how Oedipus discovers his true identity and realizes that, despite his efforts, he has brought the oracle to fulfillment. He blinds himself and is sent into exile by the new ruler, his brother-in-law Creon. Sophocles' drama *Oedipus at Colonus* tells the story of his death: Antigone guides her father to Athens, where the gods will send him below the earth, so he can protect Athens in death as a hero. Before he dies, however, he puts a curse on his two sons, who are fighting with each other over the throne of Thebes. When Polynices brings an army from Argos to attack Eteocles in Thebes, the two brothers kill each other in battle. Now Creon becomes king. At this point, the action of *Antigone* begins. Even though *Antigone* deals with what is chronologically the last part of the story, it was performed in a different dramatic contest from that of the other two plays. Though often grouped in modern translations as a trilogy, none of the three plays about Oedipus and his family is directly connected to the others.

Creon's first action as king is to refuse to allow anyone to bury Polynices, whom he regards as an enemy of the city. Everyone else thinks he is wrong, but everyone except Antigone is afraid to do anything about it. Antigone insists that, as his closest relative, she is obliged to bury her brother. Her sister Ismene, an equally close relative, is too frightened to want to help. The old men of Thebes, who form the chorus of the drama, are also reluctant to get involved. All they are prepared to do is to decline to assist Creon in enforcing his edict. The sentry makes it clear that he and his fellow soldiers are equally uncomfortable with Creon's order. Like Ismene and the chorus, however, they are afraid of what Creon will do to them if they disobey. Meanwhile, Antigone has gone outside the city walls to cover the body with ceremonial dust. The soldiers, following Creon's orders, wash the corpse clean, but then there is a duststorm. When the air clears, the soldiers see Antigone, once again sprinkling dust and pouring libations on Polynices' corpse.

Even when captured, Antigone is resolute; she does not believe that an edict issued by a "mere mortal" should take precedence over "unwritten, unshakable traditions" that live forever. The old men of the chorus insist that she is "passionate and wild," like her father Oedipus. To Creon, she is a traitor to the state, disobedient to her uncle, and a woman who has behaved inappropriately, without proper deference to men. He believes (wrongly, as the action of the drama shows) that the welfare of the state should take precedence over family loyalty. Creon's son Haemon was engaged to Antigone, but he decrees that Antigone and Ismene also must die because Antigone has disobeyed his edict. The chorus then sings a song about the nature of human existence. Ruin has attacked the house of Laius, generation after generation, like the sea beating down the shore: "some god will bring them crashing down, / the race finds no release." A knife from the gods is cutting down the last root of the family, "by a senseless word, a fury at the heart." Zeus' law prevails eternally: "no towering form of greatness / enters into the lives of mortals / free and clear of ruin." Sooner or later, the man whom the gods are determined to destroy will confuse good with evil: "he goes his way for a moment only / free of blinding ruin." This failure to distinguish good from evil may be what Aristotle meant by *hamartia*, which is better translated as "error in judgment" than as "tragic flaw."

Are the pious always rewarded and the innocent always spared?

The remaining scenes show how each character is in turn destroyed by the madness described in this choral song. Creon will not listen to Haemon and drives him away, after his son has tried to persuade him that he has made a mistake and that all the people of the city support Antigone and her piety. Haemon, Creon insists, is disobedient to his father and also a slave to passion for his intended bride. Antigone, when she is brought in for the last time, now realizes that dying is terrible and that she has not received any benefit from the glory she expected to win for doing what was right. The chorus still imagines that she is paying for her father's crimes and tells her that her own "blind will" and passion have destroyed her. Antigone, however, cannot understand why no one mourns for her; her only comfort is that her family will treat her kindly when she arrives in the world of the dead.

No sooner has Creon sent Antigone off to be buried alive than the prophet Tiresias warns Creon that portents and omens show that the gods disapprove of what he has done. Creon decides to rescue Antigone, but now it is too late. Antigone, confined to her living tomb, has hanged herself; Haemon finds her dead and kills himself. When his mother, Eurydice, hears that Haemon is dead, she also commits suicide, blaming Creon and cursing him. At the end, Creon is left alone, to live with the realization that he has murdered not only Antigone but his own family.

In a Christian drama, perhaps, Antigone would somehow have been redeemed. In Sophocles' drama, however, she receives no last-minute reprieve. She does not even live long enough to see how much Haemon loves her or how the citizens of Thebes honor her. She dies too soon because, like her father, she is impulsive and headstrong, unwilling to negotiate or to try to persuade Creon with reasoned arguments, as her fiancé Haemon seeks to do. Haemon and Eurydice are also innocent victims of the inherited ruin that destroyed Antigone and her brothers. The gods exact justice for crimes committed in the past but without sparing the innocent. The action of the drama is cruel and uncompromising but devastatingly realistic: In the real world as we know it, are the pious always rewarded and the innocent always spared?

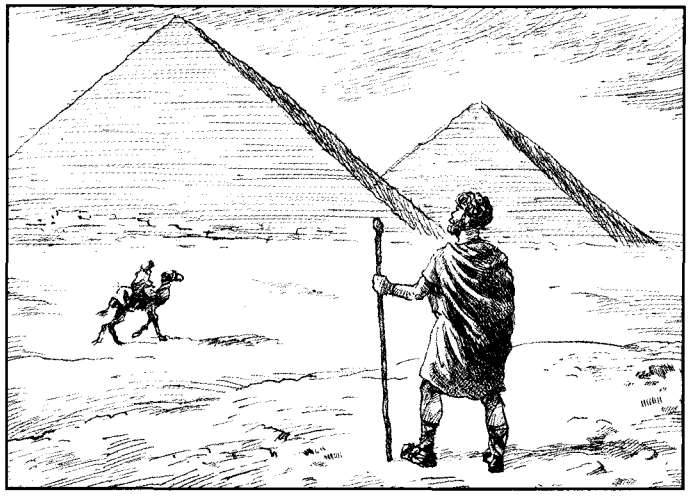
c

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only a Madman Laughs at the Culture of Others

The Legacy of Herodotus

by Steven J. Willett



The opening sentence of Herodotus' *Histories*, which recount the wars fought between Greece and Persia in the early fifth century B.C., unrolls like a long musical phrase rising to its Homeric crescendo and then dying away into momentary quiet:

> Herodotus of Halicarnassus here publishes the results of his research, in order that the actions performed by men may not fade over time, nor the great and wonderful deeds, which both the Greeks and barbarians have displayed, lack renown, and, along with all other relevant matters, the cause that drove them to wage war on each other.

We are so used to hearing Herodotus called "the father of history" after Cicero's clever formula (*On the Laws* 1.1.5) that it has become common to take him for a credulous old fuddy-duddy whose history is full of amusing and delightful stories spun from a kernel of dubious factual content. He certainly *is* the father of history, though his credulity has been vastly overstated. We have no evidence to suggest that any of his predecessors in eastern Mediterranean history, ethnography, or geography matched the enormous scope of his inquiries into the origins and course of the Greco-Persian wars. However, he is also the father of Western literary prose. The *Histories* are the first complete surviving work of artistic prose, one that exercised a profound influence on Greek historiography for over a thousand years down to the time of Procopius in the sixth century A.D. Herodotus raised the medium of prose to a prominence and sophistication it had never before enjoyed. He stands alongside Plato as its master.

Herodotus' style elicited a wide range of qualities from the ancient critics. He was, first of all, "most Homeric," in pseudo-Longinus' words (*On the Sublime* 13.3), for the many words and phrases he borrowed from Homer. Longinus may also have had in mind the historian's Ionic dialect along with his descriptions of battle, narrative variety, mythological digressions, and dramatic dialogues between sharply etched personalities. Dionysius of Halicarnassus thought that Herodotus, as an emulator of Homer, strove to give his writing the sort of variety (*Letter to Pompeius* 3.11) suggested by these diverse traits. But the ancients also found other characteristics in Herodotus that may not seem entirely consistent with his Homeric bent. Dionysius of Halicarnassus again compared his prose style to the most powerful poetry for its persuasiveness, charm, and sweetness (*On Thucydides* 23). Even Plutarch, a vituperative critic of Herodotus for his supposed "anti-Greek bias," recognized the insinuating flow of his Greek. In *The Malice of Herodotus*, perhaps the world's first book review, he couples Homeric narrative with verbal fluency:

> The man's an artist, his story pleasant, and grace and power and vivacity fill the narrative; he tells his tale like a Homer, not knowledgeably, but sweetly and fluently. That, quite simply, is what beguiles and attracts everyone, but just as we must watch for beetles in roses, we must watch for his slander and partisan abuse, which come masked under a smooth and soft appearance . . .

The Homeric tale that Herodotus told was not, as modern readers might expect, about war itself. His purpose in the *Histories* was, as he carefully articulated at the end of the first sentence, to explain the *cause* of war. The first five books and a good deal of the four subsequent ones explore the *nomoi*, or customs, of the two cultures that came into conflict: Hellas and Persia. From Book 1.170 to Book 5.17, a span that covers over a third of the text, Herodotus describes no regular warfare be-

---

Steven J. Willett teaches at the Shizuoka University of Art and Culture in Hamamatsu City, Japan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tween Persians and Greeks. He concentrates on the "great and wonderful deeds which both the Greeks and barbarians have displayed." The remainder of Book 5 traces Darius' penetration into Europe, while Book 6 narrates the Ionian Revolt from Persia (499-494 B.C.) and culminates with the Battle of Marathon (490). It is only in Books 7-9 that we finally get to Xerxes' wars, the sea battles of Artemisium and Salamis (480), and the final land battle at Plataea (479). That is, some two thirds of the *Histories* is devoted to an explanation of how the two cultures grew ever more hostile, until war became inevitable.

Herodotus' narrow interest in this investigation was to explain how a group of small, poor, disunited, perpetually warring but independent Greek states could defeat the vast Achaemenid empire, which had absorbed all the ancient states of the Near East into a highly centralized autocracy ruled by the great king. His larger interest, however, was to portray the full spectrum of human behavior that lies between the two poles of Hellenism and barbarism. In pursuit of this project, he tended to dissolve—or at least blur—the strict opposition between the two extremes by detecting similarities and parallels. He gave his audience a continuum of human behavior and culture whose mundane history mirrored the cosmic *polemos* to maintain order. The *Histories* employ ethnography and war as tools to render fully comprehensible the human world that Herodotus inhabited, and his later readers would inhabit.

Herodotus' mission required a new investigative technique: He would rely on his own direct autopsy and on oral report—subject to very critical evaluation—rather than poetic mythologies. He adopted a kind of empirical rationalism, rejecting Ionian mythmaking and even Homer as a factual authority. His mission also required inclusiveness. He states in 1.5.3 that, after indicating the man (Croesus) who first began unjust acts against the Greeks, "I will move forward in my account, touching equally on the great and small cities of mankind, for among those that were once great, many have become small, and those that were great in my time, were formerly small." While Herodotus limited his inclusiveness by careful exclusions, the scope of the *Histories* is so vast that, according to one estimate, a full index would need about 10,000 items. One of the great mysteries about his methodology is how he collected, organized, and preserved the results of his research while traveling about much of the ancient world (Egypt, the Black Sea, the Levantine coast, North Africa, southern Italy, and possibly Babylon), perhaps sailing as a merchant seaman. Any fair *a priori* estimate of his chances of completing the *Histories*, as Arnaldo Momigliano once wrote, would be nil.

Among his Hellenic contemporaries, confident of their cultural superiority, Herodotus is unique in the openness with which he views alien cultures and wisdom. His presentation of the Greco-Persian wars is particularly free of Greek parochialism. He expresses greater admiration for Persian *nomoi* than for those of any other foreign people, praising their courage, respect for brave fallen foes, truthfulness, hardy strength, simplicity, boldness, and devotion to Persian national freedom. They are not, in many ways, unlike the Greeks. This praise of Persian national character, however, is moderated by acute criticism of specific Persian autocrats. He is quite ready to draw the contrast between what Persian custom requires and what individual Persians actually do. The fatal weakness of the Persians is despotism, which is always based on fear and compulsion (7.103). The Greeks, on the other hand, may be disunited and parochial, but that makes them all the more difficult to defeat. A hard farming life on poor soil begets relentless soldiers. In Books 6 and 7, Herodotus specifically addresses the characteristics of the Greeks that let them defeat Persia: independence, law, respect for limits, moderation, disdain for luxury, mental acuity, and hatred of despotism. The Spartan traitor Damaratus succinctly defines the Greek spirit to an incredulous Xerxes: "Poverty is always native to Greece, but valor is acquired—won by wisdom and mighty law; with its aid Greece wards off poverty and despotism" (7.102). Herodotus clearly respected these traits and shows how they gave Greece the narrow edge for victory, though he must also have seen the terrible irony in the way some of those very same traits were leading to the suicide of Greece in the Peloponnesian War.

Herodotus' strongest statement about cultural chauvinism comes in Book 3, during his account of Cambyses' sacrilegious behavior in violating Egyptian temples, tombs, and sacred statuary. The king had been growing increasingly unstable for some time, but, when Cambyses entered the temple of the Cabiri, mocked the images, and burnt them, Herodotus responds with the following observation:

> This makes it abundantly clear to me that Cambyses was completely insane; for otherwise he would not have set out to deride holy things and sacred traditions. If one were to propose to all men that they select the best customs among all those that exist, each would, after considering them, choose his own; so assuredly does everyone think his own customs are the best. Indeed, it's unlikely that anyone other than a madman would subject such things to ridicule.

This insight into the subjective partiality every people has for its own culture is all the more striking when we consider the almost canonical antipathy between Greek and barbarian in Aeschylus' *Persians* or the crude caricature of barbarians in the comedians. The sacrilege of Cambyses points to the dangers implicit in cultural chauvinism, but Herodotus is not, by our standards, a cultural relativist. He admires much in the Hellenic spirit yet faults the Greeks equally with the Persians. None of the Greeks at Salamis, for example, escapes criticism for personal failings. As a kind of cultural outsider, set adrift from his own city-state of Halicarnassus and, indeed, from Ionia itself, he wandered the world, collecting materials for the *Histories* without any premeditated intention to find heroes and villains, good and bad states, base and noble religions. That impartiality enabled him to gather his data with a cool generosity whose like cannot be found in the ancient world—and rarely in the modern.

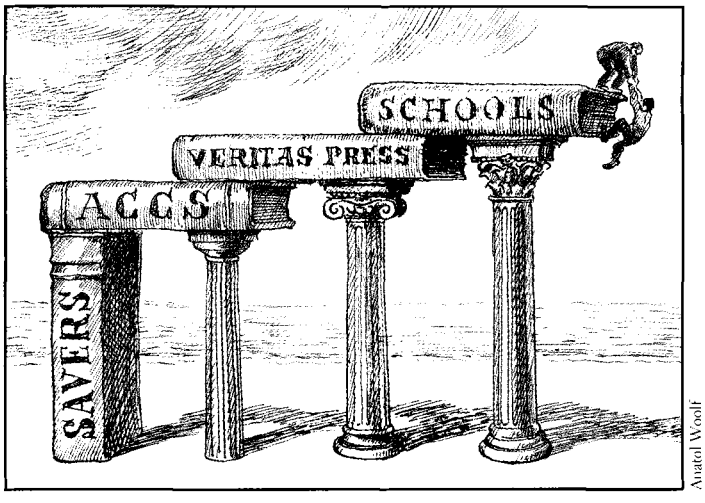
His generosity is surely as pertinent today as it was 2,500 years ago. We have now been told that the dominant source of future international conflicts will be culture. It is hard for me, living simultaneously in the cultures of America and Japan, to imagine how any other approach than tolerance can avoid the endless cultural wars we have been promised. My Japanese eyes have let me see the best in Asian cultures sympathetically, just as my American eyes have let me see Asia objectively. Both views are complementary, integral, and irreversible. Those of us who live a true multicultural life are, in one sense, wandering the world with Herodotus, cut off from the parochialism of our native lands. It is a lesson that those who do not wander the world must also learn. c

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classical Education *Redivivus*

Shaking Off the State

by Douglas Wilson



Anatol Woolf

No one really owns the copyright to the word *classical*. Even in the realm of education, many are pursuing distinct objectives, and all with a legitimate claim to that word. From neoclassicists to Thomists to classical Protestants, the word readily fits. So, in discussing the state of classical and Christian education, I need to take care that I not act as though I have discovered the body of Moses. One of the glories of language is the fact that one word can bear a multitude of meanings. The downside of this glory is that things can get into a frightful muddle if you do not define what you are actually talking about.

My interest here is in the resurgence of classical and Christian education within the Protestant evangelical world—and it has been quite a resurgence. The major organization that typifies this is the Association of Classical and Christian Schools (ACCS), which is only about ten years old. The ACCS now has about 140 member schools in about 40 states. Foreign countries represented include Nigeria, Cambodia, Peru, New Zealand, France, and Canada. The last ACCS national conference brought over 700 educators from around the country, and there are approximately 32,000 children being educated in member schools. Member schools sponsor teacher-training conferences around the country in the summer, and the one college in the association has begun to send graduates to teach in such schools. There are other organizations in this broad movement as well, filling niches not addressed by the ACCS. One example is Veritas Press, which provides classical materials for many thousands of homeschoolers who are engaged in this work.

Douglas Wilson is pastor of Christ Church in Moscow, Idaho, Senior Fellow of Theology at New St. Andrews College, and the author of several books, including The Case for Classical Christian Education.

Surely, as Buffalo Springfield informed us so long ago, something's happening here; what it is ain't exactly clear.

Broadly speaking, in these schools, *classical* refers both to the pedagogical method and to the content of the curriculum. Following Dorothy Sayers in her important essay "The Lost Tools of Learning," these schools seek to pattern the curriculum around the ancient *trivium*—grammar, dialectic, and rhetoric. This is not a reenactment of ancient schooling patterns but, rather, a modern (and, in my view, brilliant) *application* of those ancient patterns. I am unaware of any ancient precedent for her proposal.

Sayers argued that we should educate children by cutting with the grain. If grammar is an accumulated pile of facts, and dialectic is the process of sorting out those facts, and rhetoric is the process of presenting them in a winsome way once they are sorted out, then what would happen, she wondered, if we applied each element of this *trivium* to the various "stages" of child development? Children grow through stages of wanting to accumulate, sort out, and present, which she called the *poll-parrot*, *pert*, and *poetic* stages. She believed her thought experiment would never be tried, but we actually tried it, and the results have been amazing.

In the elementary years, children love to chant and memorize. If you do not give them things to chant and memorize, they will make up their own. So, Sayers argued, why not take advantage of this propensity and stuff their little heads with the facts? Progressive educators dismiss this as "rote learning," ignoring the fact that such learning is a dismal process only when you are old and the concrete of your brain is hardened. When you are in third grade, it is quite a thrill to be able to chant, at the top of your voice, "*Hic, haec, hoc! Huius, huius, huius!*"

In the dialectal years (junior high, roughly), children become argumentative. Then, Sayers said, teach them to argue. This is where you would teach logic, diagramming sentences,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

etc. And, in the high-school years, when children are particularly concerned about how they are coming across, teach them how to come across. This is where the literature courses and formal rhetoric go.

The content of this kind of curriculum is self-consciously *not* multicultural. You do not teach children to appreciate other cultures by teaching them to despise their own. A child who loves and honors his own mother is far more likely to appreciate that someone else loves and honors his own mother. So the curriculum is rooted in the history, literature, and traditions of the West. In order to be accredited by the ACCS, a school needs to teach reading through phonics, provide four years of Latin or Greek instruction, and give "training in classical and modern Western history and literature."

In these evangelical Protestant schools, the Christian worldview is at the center of the project. Instead of taking a curriculum that is essentially the same as that of the government school down the street, cleaning it up a bit, and tacking on chapel or a Bible class, the desire here is to teach all the subjects as an integrated whole, with the Scriptures occupying the authoritative center. This "take no prisoners" approach has applications far beyond a simple Bible class and the rejection of evolution in biology. It means a distinctively Christian appreciation of literature, for example, and understanding history in the light of the sovereignty of God and the Lordship of Christ. It means learning how to glorify God in mathematics.

So much is introduction and backdrop. The bar is certainly set high. How are these schools actually doing? What are their successes, their challenges, and their pitfalls?

I will begin with the pitfalls, because it is safe to say that we now know the most about those, since many of our schools have fallen into them. As we have established this educational beachhead, the forces of modernity have shown that they know how to defend themselves and have laid down a withering fire. Everyone who seeks to establish such a school in the current educational climate is asking for it.

The most obvious danger is that few of us know exactly what we are doing. We are not engaged in a magnificent building project; we are still digging out from underneath the cultural rubble after the earthquake that scholars call the Enlightenment. We are trying to provide an education that none of us received. Jesus, however, taught us that the student becomes like his teacher. This danger, then, splits into two dangers. On the one hand, the founders of the school can begin to grade on a curve and think that because they are ahead of other people in this process, they must actually have a thorough classical education. In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king. This is the error of the coxcomb, who believes that a classical education can be obtained at Costco: a class here or there, one or two conferences, read the *Iliad* once, *etc.* Such posturing can only arouse the disgust of real classicists whose expertise is needed in this movement but who are put off by poseurs.

The other danger that proceeds from getting in over your head is despair. H.L. Mencken once said that self-respect was that deep assured feeling that no one, as of yet, was suspicious. There are many who *know* (in the most acute way) that they are not qualified to undertake the work they are doing and that many observers ought to be more suspicious. But the work still has to be done, no one else is doing it, and your children are about ready to start school. So you throw yourself into the work, God blesses it, and suddenly you find yourself writing articles for *Chronicles* that someone else should be writing. The danger here is that you are tempted to give up because you have learned enough to realize that your task is overwhelming. The more you learn, the more you realize how little you know. Compounding this problem is that as long as one is engaged in a work that is beyond him, the watching classicists and academics can confuse the humble laborer with the coxcomb mentioned earlier.

Another great danger, which has affected more than one of our schools, is that of success, more success, respectability, and then the inevitable mission drift. This helps create what my daughter has described as "classical schools for show poodles." The result is higher educational standards than elsewhere; still, the smell of doggy perfume lingers in the air. The lust for respectability manifests itself in multiple ways: a desire for secular accreditation, wanting your athletic teams to be able to "go to state," lobbying for the cash cow of vouchers, or counting placements at Harvard.

Another pitfall occurs when a school is struggling faithfully to implement this classical and Christian vision for education and finds itself under a mountain of bad publicity that it cannot afford. For example, our classical Christian school recently underwent a slanderous drubbing in the local press, which accused us of harboring affinities for white separatists because we teach about the War Between the States with a measure of honesty and do not make the Confederate armies out to have been made up of orcs and Klingons.

The flashpoint differs from community to community, but the process is always monotonously the same. Whether there is a flap about a student's "unfair" expulsion, the school's failure to observe the Martin Luther King, Jr., holiday, or its refus-

---

Noreen
by Brian Kirkpatrick

The astronauts were cocky boys,
test pilots, and couldn't comprehend
the simple lesson of the moon.
One almost understood,
who dreamed while in his capsule
of new tracks left by another lunar rover.
In their photos of the dust and rock,
the only beauty is our home—
a fragile toy of glowing blue,
suspended in the dark.

The moon inflicts such joy.
Its silver, coming through my window,
lights her letters on my desk then pours
onto the floor in spreading grief.
But in this tranquil sea of light,
imagining I see a face,
I can think the moon is lovely,
gray rock soft and warm.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

al to fight AIDS by tying ribbons around things, the flap gets the school in trouble with the diversity police. Our multicultural age knows how to punish those who dare to be genuinely different. The regnant authorities want to celebrate diversity by making everyone march in lockstep. The pressure builds to think that the program would not be destroyed if "we just went along with this one thing." But trying to accommodate the hostility of the outside secularists and statists is like trying to be a little bit pregnant.

The number of schools that are involved in this project would be much higher if it were not for the cunning and hostility that have successfully diverted or overcome a number of our schools. Still, with virtually no examples, no resources, and no encouragement, over the course of the last ten years, many thousands of families have said something along the lines of "Not with my kid, you don't." They have pulled out of the government school system, followed by taunts and jeers. Matters were not helped by the fact that many of the taunts were quite valid. This courage must be praised and honored because, God willing, it will result in the reestablishment of a true education system in the great tradition of the West. We are not there yet, and I would argue that we are not even close. The benefit of simply heading in the right direction, however, is that students receive a much better education than they would otherwise have received, and that education will be a great blessing. The most encouraging thing about what is happening is that parents have taken on what, in military terms, would be called a *decisive point*. In order to qualify as a decisive point, a contested battleground must meet two criteria—it must be both feasible and strategic. A targeted objective must matter to the enemy if you take it, and it must be possible to take. If cultural conservatives took New York City, that would certainly be strategic. It is not feasible, however. We could take Bovill, Idaho, in just a matter of days. That is feasible but not strategic; it would not matter if we did.

Parents in the classical Christian school movement have done something that is feasible: They have taken full responsibility for the education of their own children. And they have done so in a manner that is having an impact entirely out of proportion to the numbers involved. It is strategic because the direction provided by this kind of education really is a genuine alternative. People look at what is happening and see that modern American kids can be educated. Sullen ignorance is *not* an inevitability.

Too often, conservatives complain about the bills levied on them by the overweening state, but they like the benefits. There is no moral authority, however, in the rhetoric of the whiner who, after an evening of dancing, does not want to pay the piper. The man who really wants to resist the current principalities and powers must *refuse their offered benefits first*. This is what is happening in the broad Christian school and homeschool movements, and it is occurring self-consciously in the classical Christian school movement. The impact of such actions is enormous. When our local classical Christian school started 20 years ago, fewer than five percent of the local schoolchildren were being educated privately. Today, the figure is around 33 percent and growing. Within a few years, if God continues His kindness, we may see the local government schools become the choice of the *minority*.

In doing this, we have stolen a page from the playbook of the liberals: Think globally; act locally.

c

HELP THE ROCKFORD INSTITUTE . . . HURT THE IRS

There is often a tax advantage in making a gift of appreciated stocks or bonds to The Rockford Institute. When you do, there are two winners: you and The Rockford Institute. The only loser is the wicked and greedy tax collector.

Here's how it works:

When you sell appreciated securities, you are taxed on the capital gains. However, if you contribute appreciated stocks or bonds to The Rockford Institute, the gains are not taxable. In fact, you will receive a charitable deduction for the full, fair-market value of the securities as of the date of the gift. To qualify, you only have to have held the stocks or bonds for more than one year. Your securities broker can even wire the shares directly to The Rockford Institute's investment account.

For more information, please write or call:

Christopher Check
Executive Vice President
The Rockford Institute
928 North Main Street
Rockford, Illinois 61103
Telephone (815) 964-5811

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sorrows of Intellectual Life

freely imitated from the Seventh Satire of Juvenal
by Fred Chappell

That poet with a yoke around his neck
Begs tearfully to slave at Chittlin Tech
And, scrabbling to acquire a proper suit,
Tends bar at Freddie's Grot of Low Repute.
One mustn't perish, and there's no disgrace
In pulling beer in some flea-bitten place
Where balding scholars come to drown their sorrows
And tot the sums of all their lost tomorrows.
While strung-out rock stars grow rich as Croesus,
He sells the books he bought to write his thesis;
There goes his Dr. Johnson, notes and all,
His treasured Horace, his tattered Juvenal.
Pinching dimes until his loan comes through,
He peeps the motels for a sleazeball gumshoe.

Brace up, my friend, for brighter days await!
The N.E.A. taps coyly at the gate.
You'll never have to brook one freshman more
When all that loot comes prancing through the door.
But don't expect the envied Guggenheim
If you're some retro wretch who writes in rhyme.
Those prizes go to New York poets who
For years have shagged each other black and blue.
If you decide to write only for fame,
The dispiriting result is still the same;
Rid yourself of pen and dictionary:
You'll never be a chunk of statuary.
Untasted youth and middle years are fled;
You scribble on at verse until you're dead.
You might have been a sober magistrate,
But you read poetry—and read your fate.
That art you gave up everything to learn
You now despise and speak of with cold scorn.

Don't pin your hopes on the pending interview
With Chairman Smirke; he writes poems too;
In 1980 he brought out a book
No living soul has deigned a second look.
In time its reputation will be made,
He claims, and elbow Housman to the shade.
Meanwhile, he has no opening for you
Unless an adjunct lectureship comes through.
Perhaps a public reading with no fee?
"Our students don't care much for poetry."
Still you'll persist, flouting what is trendy,
Infected with cacoethes scribendi,
Your only solace strong Lethean juice,
The foxy blonde, the pistol or the noose.

But what about the bard who stands aloof,
Fortune's golden child, whose work is proof
A writer still can be a shining winner
With poetry of bright and cheerful tenor,
Who lives a life serene and fears no ill,
Content with wife and cat in Podunkville?
There must be such a poet—yet, all the same,
I can't find anyone who knows his name.
The ones I see must scrounge about for nickels,
Subsisting on a diet of ale and pickles.
How to define the unique American soul
When every pocket's nothing but a hole?
"Walt Whitman found our spiritual center."
"Yes—but made his living as a printer."
"Robinson wrote lines our people felt."
"With patronage from Teddy Roosevelt."
Genuine public poetry cannot be shaped
By minds that gruesome penury has raped;
This bitter truth is everywhere confessed:
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.

Rejoice if fame and glory come to you,
But not unless they entail money too.
When critics' kudos rot to dust and ash
You'll kiss your happy wad of hard-earned cash.
Fine literature is written by the dead;
The living scratch to keep their families fed.
Staid foundations that formerly might assist
Are each controlled by a fuming feminist;
Virgil has described this species to a tittle,
Snake-haired Furies drooling venomous spittle.
They shower checks on female poets whose works
Portray all men as indefensible jerks.
Queer Theorists are rewarded by the head
When, like the Mormons, they enlist the dead.
Others got promoted when they began,
Stiff-armed, to heil the shade of Paul de Man.

Search all America from coast to coast,
You'll never find a Boulevard Robert Frost,
No Stevens Stadium, no Eliot Avenue:
The books are legion, the monuments are few.
Roethke and Ginsberg could thrill the crowded house
But now lie fodder for silverfish and mouse.
James Dickey had a fling with Hollywood
And staked his soul on the soulless episode;
The outcome was predictable and dire,
As with the moth too amorous of fire.
All the promises producers make
Amount to promises producers break;
The poet who needs to keep his sanity
Will plight his troth to Lady Poverty.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps you'd like to penetrate the past,
Portray America from first to last,
Hiding no faults, but searching out the good
That came from our long sacrifice of blood,
Authenticating everything you write
With solid data you have brought to light.
The sharp historian will find it wiser
To set up as a popular plagiarizer
And sell the tales that others sold before,
Liar to liar, like a vice cop to a whore.

With assets flat and angry debits rising,
You think to venture into advertising,
Turning the skills once rated beyond price
To hawking deodorants and dentifrice,
Sweating to devise a flash new name
For some tired product that remains the same.
Perhaps you'd speech-write for a senator
Whose whole vocabulary totals four,
Whose policy ideas add up to three,
Including those he cribbed from Kennedy.
Hire out your pen to the upstanding bloke
If you desire your wage to be a joke;
Meanwhile, the crooked pol grows daily richer,
His income rivaling a southpaw pitcher.

Yet pol and pitcher both endure distress
From alimony and the I.R.S.
The more they get, the more money they owe;
It goes to girls, to poker, and to blow.
Pols worship debt and hold it treachery
When our poor nation approaches solvency.
Appearance is everything: to dazzle others
Run up humongous bills at Brooks Brothers.
Because they liked his haircut and his scent
One jury found John Gotti innocent.
The decent suit our scholar bought on the cheap
Did not impress enough to earn his keep.

But why would anyone desire to teach
Unless all other chances spurned his reach?
Each year another herd of M.F.A.s
Finds barren pasture where it hoped to graze;
The soil is dust; in all that desert scenery
There is no slightest tint of greenery.
Suppose, though, that you somehow find a niche,
Illuded by no dream of growing rich,
Joyous to live from one month to the next
On soup and *explication de texte*,
You'll find the daily grind has no relation
To what you had imagined a vocation.

Here are your students, forty to a classroom,
Whose whole ambition is to take up ass room;
They turn a dull, distrustful gaze on you;
When they remove their gum, their brains come too.
You burn the midnight, planning how to reach them;
They smudge the daylight, daring you to teach them.
Yet each looks to receive the kind of grade
That genius scholars in the old days made,
And if it doesn't fall as they think due,
They sic their daddy's lawyer upon you.
It's not unheard of that some wired crack-head
Will purloin Daddy's gun and bang you dead.

Explain with patience what their papers need,
Correct their syntax till your fingers bleed,
Expend what precious time you have to give
On dangling participle, split infinitive,
With all your effort it comes down to this—
Not one among them gives a happy piss.
Parents arrive in the pleasant days of spring
To find their offspring haven't learned a thing;
And Teacher is the first to get the blame
When Doape cannot correctly spell his name.
Here's Buster's father who will have you know
He read a book only twelve years ago,
And his opinion is, he's quick to say,
There are no worthwhile authors writing today.

Do you believe you have the fortitude
To teach for thirty years sans interlude,
Groan out your days in pecuniary tension,
In hopes to draw a Lilliputian pension?
Better think again: It seems the state
Mislaid the whole retirement fund of late
And where the money is no one can say,
Though they'll begin inquiries right away.
Not all has disappeared; enough remains
To alleviate the politicians' pains,
For this low time of scrannel penury
Has forced them to upgrade their salary.
Every other post you'll be denied;
A former teacher is overqualified.

Why not join the crowd? Get on the slate;
Present yourself a party candidate.
Opportunity beckons; your chance is fair
If to this world you're born a billionaire.
The rule in modern politics: You must
Have cash enough to buy the public trust,
Elsewise your political career
Will grunt up the steep slope in granny gear,
And at the crest will be declared stone dead
By a sycophantic talking head
Who makes a handsome living lauding crooks
Who steal elections and barbecue the books.

Best stay as you are. Spend your vacation
Reading up the history of our nation.
Read Lincoln's speeches and John Adams' letters,
Peruse the thought of those who were our betters;
Memorize the feats of Washington;
Savor the freedoms our citizen-soldiers won;
Inform your students when our patriots died;
Hoard your pennies; pretend you're satisfied.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Style in History

by Derek Turner

"An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man."
—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Hitler & Churchill—Secrets of Leadership
by Andrew Roberts
London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson;
202 pp., £18.99

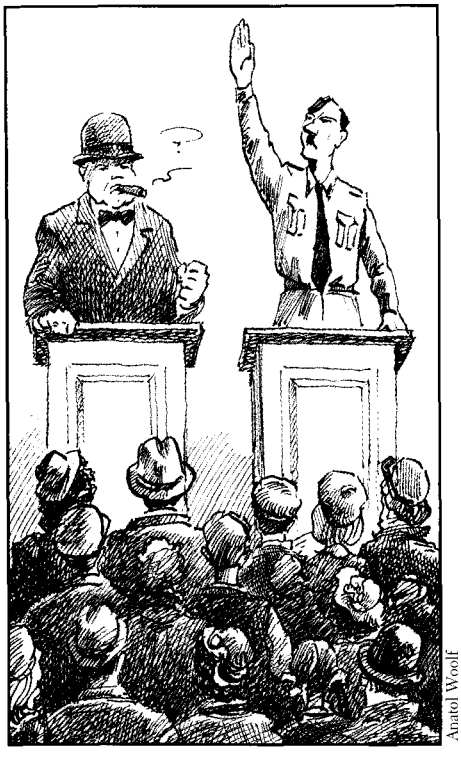
◆

Hitler & Churchill—Secrets of Leadership is made from Andrew Roberts' recent BBC television series, *Secrets of Leadership*, in which he sought to tease out the management secrets of four famous charismatic leaders—Hitler, Churchill, Martin Luther King, Jr., and John F. Kennedy.

With this book, Roberts returns to his favorite subjects—Winston Churchill's life and times and, behind that, the larger theme of Britain *versus* the Continent. Roberts is the author also of *Holy Fox* (a biography of Lord Halifax) and *Eminent Churchillians* (a collection of essays about Churchill and his contemporaries), plus a superlative biography of Victorian Prime Minister Lord Salisbury, a Eurosceptical novel called *The Aachen Memorandum*, and *Napoleon and Wellington*. In accordance with his Atlanticist sentiments, he is presently writing a biography of Henry Kissinger.

Roberts is a conservative and a patriot. All his books are informed by these identities and by a nostalgia for the more serious, literate Britain, with its authoritative Parliament, respected institutions, glorious pageantry, and civilized mode of behavior that predominated until the 1960's and still subsist furtively in odd corners of Tony Blair's folksy, multicultural, "relevant," and unutterably tedious "Cool Britannia."

Derek Turner is the editor of Right Now!, *published in London.*



Anatol Wooff

Roberts has two principal reasons for writing this book, apart from his sheer interest in the period. His subsidiary reason is to counterattack various revisionist views of Hitler and Churchill that have been making some headway in recent years. Roberts singles out revisionists as diverse as David Irving, Christopher Hitchens, Clive Ponting, Patrick Buchanan, Ralph Raico (whom he mistakenly identifies as "Robert"), and—rather more gently—what he calls the "British Tory nationalist critique" of Alan Clark, Maurice Cowling, and John Charmley. To some degree, he shares John Lukacs's concern that, if Western civilization keeps unravelling, desperate Westerners may come to view Hitler as "a kind of Diocletian, a tough last architect of a desirable imperial order."

His chief, very conservative reason for wanting to understand the nature of both leadership and what educationalists call "followship," however, is his distrust of human nature and Ortega y Gasset's "mass man." Unlike many self-styled conservatives, who are actually economic reductionists sailing under an ideological flag of convenience, Roberts is a firm adherent to what Stephen Pinker has called the "Tragic Vision" of humanity—the belief that human nature is at least partly innate and immutable and not always pleasant. He does not share the sentimental left-wing delusion that all human beings are equal and beneficent and infinitely malleable—a delusion that has been absorbed almost without realizing it by many on the modern British—and, of course, American—right.

In one of the most interesting sections of a captivating and thoughtful work, Roberts describes a series of little-known psychological experiments carried out in the early 1960's in the United States that cast a sharp and unflattering light on human nature. In 1963, Dr. Stanley Milgram asked volunteers to test a man sitting in a chair with an electrode attached to his wrists. The volunteers were told that the man in the chair had been connected to an electrical current and that they should press a button to shock him if he did not repeat a memorized text correctly. The more errors, the higher the voltage became, up to a lethal dose of 450 volts. Of course, there was no current, and the man in the chair was a professional actor. However, the volunteers thought they were actually electrocuting a human being. What was shocking about this experiment was how many of the volunteers—65 percent—were prepared to inflict potentially fatal pain on a fellow human being who had never harmed them, "screams" notwithstanding.

In the so-called Asch experiments, three people were shown three lines on a screen and asked to indicate that which was very obviously the longest of the lines. Un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known to one of the participants, the other two were experimenters. After several turns in which all three people chose the same line, the two experimenters began deliberately to choose the same wrong line. At first, the volunteer would protest and point out the error; soon, however, he would simply go along with the wrong majority opinion. Such experiments, notes Roberts, "show how easily people can be led, both into acting cruelly and—just as worryingly—into disbelieving the evidence of their own eyes."

With such tendencies so prevalent, Roberts believes that all who are concerned about the future of civilization need to understand how normal people can be imposed upon and manipulated by the unscrupulous. Roberts is himself clearly a believer in "elitism," but it is an honest elitism, as opposed to the elitism-masquerading-as-sugary-humanitarianism so beloved of today's charlatans; his ideal elite would combine quiet ability with aristocratic, pro-Western values and a touch of Tory romanticism.

Roberts is scornful of much of what passes for political debate in these benighted times:

> The need under universal suffrage to appeal to what is effectively the lowest intellectual common denominator—at least among those likely to cast a vote—has inevitably led to the wholesale lowering of standards when it comes to persuasion, a process that politicians themselves nowadays wholeheartedly aid and abet.

He goes on to compare the stately if orotund rhetoric of William Gladstone—a 136-word-long sentence is supplied as an example—with the "three word verbless sentences, intellectually patronising soundbites, references to footballing or soap opera catch-phrases" so beloved of Blair and his emulators.

Roberts is refreshingly free of cant, such as the oft-repeated remark that "democracies never start wars." In fact,

> Not only has democracy presided over the bloodiest wars in history, but some of them—such as Vietnam and the Gulf War—have been fought specifically in its name. When one fights for an idea rather than a particular geographical objective . . . it is almost impossible to compromise . . . as a modern secular religion, democracy requires unconditional surrender.

In this realistic appraisal of the problems inherent in democracy, he clearly differs from the bombastic neoconservatives, for whom consumerism and democracy are religious totems, although he was likewise a strong supporter of the actions against Osama bin Laden and Saddam Hussein, both of whom he regards as would-be Hitlers.

He differentiates between "inspirational" and "charismatic" leaders—Churchill being an example of the former; and Hitler, an example of the latter. *Hitler & Churchill* contains 44 well-chosen photographs that sum up the essential character and stylistic differences between the two men—with amusing touches in some of the captions, such as "The League of Maidens (some more like matrons) worship their idol as Heinrich Himmler looks on" and the irresistible "Some books have claimed that the Fuhrer was gay," showing the *lederhosen*-clad Führer standing with his hands on his hips.

As practical politicians, inspirational leaders are, of course, ambitious, often ruthless, happy to use props and gimmicks—such as Churchill's cigar and "V" sign—and even to perpetuate "confidence tricks" on those whom they lead. Essentially, however, they inspire because they are themselves worthy of emulation and their confidence tricks are benevolent in purpose. Importantly, they also know how to delegate, to trust subordinates, and to see strengths in unconventional people. As Roberts says, "Successful leaders surround themselves with constructive dissenters."

Charismatic leaders, on the other hand, of whom Hitler is the best-known example, rely on *coups de theatre* and fierce protection of their public image. "Charisma," Roberts writes, "is a harlot's trick"—the deliberate creation of mystique, a substitute for real authority and bottom, the unimpressive Wizard of Oz speaking from behind a fearsome mask. Hitler disliked being seen wearing his spectacles and would surround himself on all occasions with the trappings of power. He gave audience to visitors in his 1,200-square-foot study in the Reich Chancellery, reached through 900 feet of increasingly magnificent, marble-clad halls and anterooms. All his party's rallies were staged to impress onlookers with a sense of the irresistible strength of the Reich. Every word of every one of Hitler's speeches was carefully chosen and choreographed. He would fake mood swings and stare disconcertingly at those whom he wished to quash. He would avoid contact with ordinary Germans. In a subtle form of ostentation, he would dress down deliberately and live simply but showily (he was a vegetarian and teetotaler for most of his adult life) to emphasize his Jesus- or Buddha-like simplicity *vis-à-vis* his gaudily clad acolytes. All was devised to build up a myth of the superhuman strongman "against time"—the monkishly devoted man of destiny. Ultimately, such a man could inspire fanaticism but not love. Many of the political techniques used by today's leaders were pioneered by the National Socialists.

By contrast, Churchill was perfectly relaxed about being photographed on a stretcher carried out of an ambulance, wearing torn coats or his famous siren-suits, and walking around the streets and meeting the people. Churchill was a fervent believer in MBWA—Management by Walking About. He did not disguise his fondness for good food and brandy (although Roberts points out that his indulgence has been much exaggerated) and worked from the squashed concrete bunker of the Cabinet War Rooms or No. 10 Downing Street—from the outside, an ordinary Georgian terraced house like thousands of others in the capital. He admitted to errors. His public persona was based on being a real human being among other human beings; his rhetoric, although carefully crafted, relied for its effect on its honesty—"we have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat"—as much as its dark beauty. This is not to say that Churchill was incapable of viewing his speeches dispassionately. Leaving the Commons after making his "blood, toil, tears and sweat" speech, he said to a friend, "That got the sods, didn't it?"

Of course, Churchill had the advantage of historical context; he could inspire simply by virtue of being an aristocrat, the inheritor of a long tradition and the occupant of one of the world's most eminent and longest-established posts—an advantage and a feeling of security not enjoyed by his adversary, a Johann-come-lately acutely conscious of his origins and his country's newness, a man who envied and admired the British Empire in equal measure. Being to the manor (or manner) born helps those who aspire to inspire. Churchill's and Hitler's respective

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

styles were as much products of personality and upbringing as of political circumstances and national differences.

Although Churchill exerted less immediate power over people's lives, the effect was arguably more genuine and longer lasting than that of Hitler on Germans' lives—which is why he was easily voted the top "Great Briton" in 2002's nationwide BBC poll and will probably top such polls for decades to come. Churchill is probably the only person whom both Tories and the left can unite in supporting—and he is also a symbol, for many Britons, of the last gasp of Great Britain, before mass immigration and socialism began to work their evil magic. As the *Times* put it in an editorial in 1990, "The iconography of 1940 cannot be very far from those with Britain on their mind."

It may be significant, however, that, when German television recently decided to put on a German equivalent of "Great Britons," the producers felt they had to exclude Hitler from the list of possible nominees. This may have been a case of baseless blind panic on the part of television executives, but it is possibly also a worrying confirmation of John Lukacs's fears. Perhaps, after all, charisma may be as long-lasting as inspiration given the right—or wrong—circumstances. Human nature has not changed much since 1945, and we have certainly not seen the last of shrewd political operators who know how to press the right emotional buttons at crucial moments and are willing to deliver whole nations into the hands of death and disaster simply in order to realize some cranky fantasy or to gratify their own vanity.

Nor will such operators ever find it difficult to find followers. As Roberts notes,

> In an age that considers itself sophisticated and correspondingly cynical, in times of peril, inspired leadership still relies to a large extent on the suspension of disbelief. The stock of human emotions that the leaders are appealing to are [*sic*] limited and remarkably consistent and it can be plundered and plagiarised . . . but above all learned [he adds, encouragingly].

Hitler & Churchill may therefore prove itself to be not just a distinctive contribution to World War II scholarship but an antibiotic against ideological infection, a valuable vaccination against future Führers. c

. . . *plus c'est la même chose*

by H.A. Scott Trask

1421: The Year the Chinese Discovered America
by Gavin Menzies
New York: HarperCollins;
507 pp., $27.95

◆

Gavin Menzies, a retired British naval officer and submarine commander, has advanced a startling thesis. He believes that, in 1421-23, a large Chinese fleet circumnavigated the world and skirted the continents of Africa, South America, Antarctica, and North America. Before you dismiss his contention as the latest multicultural myth, like claiming black Africa as the source of Greek civilization, realize that Menzies has amassed a formidable array of evidence that demonstrates, at the very least, that the early European explorers had sources of geographic information of parts of the world yet to be explored, of which previous historians have not been aware.

Consider the 1424 map of the Atlantic drawn by Venetian cartographer Zuane Pizzigano. The map includes four islands located in the far western Atlantic. Menzies believes the largest, Antilia (medieval Portuguese for "island on the opposite side"), is Puerto Rico and the second largest, Satanazes ("Satan's island"), is Guadeloupe. Antilia is shaped like Puerto Rico, and includes all the latter's major bays. In addition, Pizzigano wrote *con* and *ymana* on his map ("volcano erupts here"). Menzies found that the volcanoes on Guadeloupe had erupted twice between 1400 and 1440, but had been dormant for the previous 100 and the next 250 years. Even the island's name suggested that some explorer had visited, for, as Columbus found 70 years later, the island contained vicious cannibals who attacked strangers on sight. The Pizzigano chart thus offers evidence that the Portuguese had somehow acquired detailed knowledge of two Caribbean islands in 1424.

There is more.

The Andrea Bianco chart of 1436 shows the Sargasso Sea, and its 1448 successor features the northeast coast of Brazil, 52 years before Pedro Cabral's expedition reached that land. Toscanelli's 1474 map of the world, which Columbus took with him in 1492, also shows Antilia. Cristobal Soligo's 1489 chart reveals the western end of Hispaniola, the Virgin Islands, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Barbados, Trinidad, and the north coast of Venezuela. The 1502 Cantino world chart shows what appears to be the coast of New England. Bartolomeu Dias knew of the existence of the Cape of Good Hope long before he rounded it in 1488, for the cape appears clearly on the Frau Mauro planisphere of 1459. This cartographer appended notes explaining that a Chinese ship rounded the cape in 1420, followed the prevailing winds and currents to the Cape Verde Islands (Isole Verde), and circled the South Atlantic before returning. Apparently, Ferdinand Magellan knew of the existence of the strait that bears his name *before* he set sail from Spain. He reassured his frightened sailors that he had inspected a chart in Portugal showing the strait through which they were about to sail. The Piri Reis map of 1513 clearly shows Patagonia, the strait, the Andes Mountains, the northern tip of Antarctica, the Falkland Islands, and South Georgia, seven years before Magellan would sail into those waters.

Menzies believes the Portuguese had acquired a map of the world in 1428 that featured parts of all six continents, the Cape of Good Hope, the Strait of Magellan, and the Caribbean. Although the map is lost, Menzies believes its existence can be demonstrated by textual, archival, and cartographic evidence. He quotes Portuguese historian Antonia Galvao (who died in 1557) as claiming that Dom Pedro, the brother of the king of Portugal (Prince Henry the Navigator), while in Venice in 1428, had acquired a

> *map of the world, which had all the parts of the world and earth described. The Streight of Magelan was called in it the dragon's taile; the Cape of Boa Esperanca, the forefront of Afrike* and so foorth of other places: by which Map Dom Henry the King's third sonne was much helped and furthered in his Discoveries.

He further explained, "It appeareth that in ancient times there was as much, or more discovered than now there is."

Menzies argues that Dom Pedro obtained this world map from Niccolo da

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conti, a Venetian merchant who had converted to Islam, traded in India, and was living in Alexandria. Upon learning that Conti had traveled through heretofore unknown parts of the world, Pedro, who had been sent by his brother on an intelligence mission to gather geographical knowledge and maps of possible routes to the Orient, contacted him and offered him a deal. If he would provide the Portuguese with information and charts based on his travels, Pedro would use his brother's influence with the Catholic hierarchy to gain for him absolution for his Islamic conversion. Conti agreed, and he returned to Rome, where he was debriefed by Dom Pedro. For obvious reasons, the Portuguese kept the map a state secret, revealing it only to a handful of officials, cartographers, and explorers. The Portuguese now knew there were *two* sea routes to the East Indies. Believing it was the shorter route, they chose to explore the one around the tip of Africa.

Menzies believes the world map was drawn from knowledge Conti gained while sailing with a Chinese fleet around the world just seven years before. In 1421, the Chinese emperor Zhu Di launched an enormous expedition led by over 100 large treasure ships (or junks) and hundreds of supporting craft, whose task was to sail the world's oceans, map the continents, establish trade with foreign peoples, and perfect their already advanced knowledge of astronavigation and mathematical geography. Menzies believes these oceangoing vessels followed the prevailing winds and currents to India, down the east coast of Africa, north to the Cape Verde Islands, then separated with the currents. One fleet, led by Admiral Zhou Wen, sailed north to the Caribbean, with the Gulf Stream along the east coast of North America to Greenland, continued along the north coast of Siberia, and returned to China through the Bering Strait. The other fleet sailed south along the east coast of South America, went through the strait, and separated again, one fleet sailing south through the South Shetlands to Antarctica, then east to South Georgia, and along the 40th parallel to western Australia, before turning north for home. The third fleet sailed north along the west coast of South America to Ecuador and across the central Pacific to Australia, New Zealand, and the Spice Islands. It then followed the North Pacific current to North America, made landfall on Vancouver Island, and sailed south along the coast to Central America before turning west for home. Menzies believes most of the junks wrecked on rocky coasts, submerged coral reefs, and treacherous shoals, leaving thousands of Chinese stranded at different points and a plethora of physical evidence (archeological, botanical, and zoological).

While the fleet was at sea, a new emperor, who was hostile to overseas exploration, colonization, and trade, ascended the throne. When the surviving ships returned, he halted all future voyages, banned overseas travel and trade, and ordered all maps and written records of the expedition destroyed.

Menzies has amassed sufficient plausible evidence to deserve a point-by-point refutation from those who reject his claim. Such a refutation would still leave open the question of how the Portuguese obtained so much geographical information about places that neither they nor other Europeans of the time had visited. However, whether the Chinese fleet made these voyages does not matter very much in the end. If made, their "discoveries" were ephemeral and, at most, encouraged the European voyages. The Portuguese, bent on finding a sea route to Asia, would have groped their way around Africa even without advanced knowledge, and some naval power would have ventured west in search of Asia. The Europeans were restless, inquisitive, and inventive, and the lack of a world map would not have stopped them. Furthermore, their discoveries enlarged the world, because they followed them with trading outposts, colonies, and continuing exploration, thus incorporating far-flung lands and seas into the intellectual and commercial radius of the western world. The Chinese discoveries were forgotten and left to be rediscovered almost 600 years later.

H.A. Scott Trask has just completed his biography of Condy Raguet and is now writing a short volume on William Graham Sumner before returning to his study of the Northern peace movement during the War Between the States.

LIBERAL ARTS

"METROSEXUAL" BLUES

"He has been marginalised by the women's movement, portrayed as a useless plonker in television sitcoms and told by scientists that his Y-chromosome is in decline. Now the modern British male is about to be fleeced as advertisers capitalise on his low self-esteem and target him with products to 're-empower' him.

"Marian Salzman said her research . . . showed that men had been neutered—not just by feminism and women in the workplace, but by the political events of the past three years. September 11, the Iraq war and Private Jessica Lynch's usurping of the traditional male battlefield bravado had blurred their sense of self."

—*from "Neutered modern man to be offered back his missing pride in exchange for his wallet" by Angelique Chrisafis, the* Guardian *(June 30)*

In a Strange Land

by Fr. Michael P. Orsi

Catholicism and American Freedom: A History
by John T. McGreevey
New York: W.W. Norton & Co.; 295 pp., $26.95

◆

There will always be tension between America's experiment with democracy and hierarchically structured Roman Catholicism, because the two proclaim different concepts of freedom. While the former is grounded in the individualism of Protestantism and, more recently, of secularism, the latter regards true freedom as being circumscribed by claims imposed by considerations of the common good and by natural and supernatural law. In *Catholicism and American Freedom: A History*, John T. McGreevey, the John A. O'Brien Associate Professor of History at Notre Dame, sketches the main events, ideas, and characters that have shaped American Catholicism since the 1840's. His thesis is grounded in the triangular tension among the local Catholic Church, wary authorities in Rome, and the civil and cultural ethos of the country. In this light, McGreevey discusses such key issues as schooling, slavery, social justice, sexual morality, and religious freedom. While his analysis of these matters will enrich the historian and theologian, it is the cultural anthropologist who will most benefit from the insight McGreevey brings to the inter-Church and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

civil dynamics that continue to produce uneasiness between Catholic liberals and conservatives and to cause strains in Church-State relations.

McGreevey is most insightful in his presentation of the philosophical and theological beliefs of certain priests, bishops, and lay theologians who have driven Catholic opinion and behavior. Two Jesuits in particular represent the contending schools of separatism and inculturation that, to this day, incite debate in Catholic circles. Fr. Bernadine Wiget greatly feared the Protestantizing effects the public schools in Boston might have on newly arrived Catholic immigrants, and his crusade for Catholic schools had a ghettoizing effect on Catholic life that gradually encompassed cradle-to-grave care designed to produce group cohesiveness and solidarity that would ensure strong loyalty to Rome. A second, more liberal, school working to promote a more mainstreamed Catholicism was advanced in the mid-20th-century writings of Fr. John Courtney Murray. His work on Church-State relations and religious freedom more or less paved the way for Catholics to participate in American social structures and political processes, for the advancement of the common good.

McGreevey's discussion of various Catholic leaders' positions on slavery during the Civil War era, the Church's intrusion into the arena of social justice, and the loud voice it has raised on behalf of sexual morality and the sanctity of life demonstrate the Catholic Church's role as a dynamic cultural force perennially to be reckoned with in America. The contributions of such Catholic activists and intellectual giants as Orestes Brownson; Archbishop John Hughes; Fr. John A. Ryan; John C. Ford, S.J.; and Gerald Kelley, S.J.; as well as the effects of the neo-Thomist school of Nouvelle Théologie in America (which included Jacques Maritain; Henri deLubac, S.J.; Yves Congar, O.P.; Karl Rahner, S.J.; Bernard Lonergan, S.J.; and, of course, Murray himself), provide the ideological framework that shaped the battles both within and against the American Catholic Church.

Rome's uneasiness with American liberty, according to McGreevey, stems from the Vatican's experience with European liberalism, which, for centuries, denigrated the Church's authority and Her claims to absolute truth. The merest hint of such an attitude in the United States often entailed the appointment of heavy-handed, Rome-oriented (ultramontane) bishops, along with the call for a return to Thomistic philosophy and theology in the interest of bolstering the traditional Catholic worldview. The Vatican's justifiable concerns—which stem both from America's hostile pragmatism toward, and incompatibility with, Catholicism and from theological historicism's emphasis on individual conscience as promoted by the Nouvelle Théologie—are nevertheless given short shrift by McGreevey. Certainly, the abandonment by many Catholics of Church teaching on life issues should have engendered some analysis of, and sympathy for, Roman vigilance. While the last chapter of the book attempts to discuss certain contemporary problems in the American Catholic Church, such as the refusal of many Catholic politicians to legislate in accord with Church teaching in moral matters and the clerical sex-abuse scandal, McGreevey falls short of offering any insight into them. Perhaps we do not yet stand at a great enough distance from these phenomena to study their causes or to determine their effects on Catholics in America. However, McGreevey fails to draw the connection between these problems and the regnant license that has gained hegemony in America and, in some cases, the Church. Despite this lack, his book is a superb study of American Catholicism. It will be a tremendous resource for the thoughtful reader.

Fr. Michael P. Orsi is a research fellow in law and religion at Ave Maria School of Law in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

That Old Fox

by Jeremy Lott

Freedom and Its Betrayal: Six Enemies of Human Liberty
by Isaiah Berlin
Princeton: Princeton University Press; 182 pp., $35.00

◆

Give Isaiah Berlin this much: He had the good sense to choose Henry Hardy as an editor and literary trustee. Since Berlin's death in 1997, Hardy has moved at a reasonable pace in releasing Berlin's unpublished papers, but he has taken great care to do it right.

A case in point is last year's *Freedom and Its Betrayal: Six Enemies of Human Freedom*, a collection of six off-the-cuff 1952 BBC broadcasts on famous (or infamous) antiliberal thinkers from Helvétius to Maistre. Reconstructed from the broadcasts and Berlin's own meager notes, Hardy has made the crooked path of his late friend's idiosyncratic rapid-fire delivery (Berlin was known to pronounce *epistemological* as one syllable) into this straight Sunday stroll of a book. Widely available for the first time, the addresses can now be studied and savored.

Really, "savored" is not too strong a word. Non-book-reviewers, like non-political-science-students, may not realize what a relief it is to crack a book by *any* political philosopher (or "historian of ideas," as Berlin preferred) only to learn that he could write in English. The language is vivid—direct, playful, learned; the presentation, ordered and concise. We may owe the limited length of the radio broadcasts for the last blessing.

Measured in terms of depth, the essays in *Freedom and Its Betrayal* are not on the level of some of Berlin's other work, such as "The Hedgehog and the Fox" or "Two Concepts of Liberty" (or "The Originality of Machiavelli," in my view the best thing ever written on the author of *The Prince*). Faulting them for this, however, would be a bit like judging a priest's homily to be wanting because it fails to measure up to the Sermon on the Mount.

In fact, a homily might be a good comparison. In these six lectures, Berlin sets out to inform, entertain, and defend the Anglo-Saxon concepts of liberty and pluralism against all comers. In the Preface, he explains that the question he posed in respect to each of his subjects was, "Why should you obey anybody else?" Although all, save one,

> claimed they were in favour of [human liberty]—indeed some of them passionately pleaded for it and regarded themselves as the truest champions of what they called true liberty, as opposed to various specious or imperfect brands of it—yet it is a peculiar fact that in the end, their doctrines are inimical to what is normally meant, at any rate, by individual liberty, or political liberty. . . . [N]amely, the right freely to shape one's life as one wishes, the production of circumstances in which men can develop their natures as variously and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

richly, and, if need be, as eccentrically, as possible.

Throughout, Berlin crosses pens with his declared foes and with perennial hobgoblins (*e.g.*, Kant, Marx). In the first chapter, he skewers Helvétius for advocating a utilitarianism so rigid that it becomes a tyranny—"a system of sticks and carrots for the human donkey." Since rights and traditions can become a barrier to the achievement of maximum pleasure, Helvétius proposed to do away with both inconveniences in favor of a system of laws and progressive education that would *force* men to enjoy themselves.

This tendency to take an ostensibly good thing and elevate it to the One Great Organizing Principle of Society—and, therefore, the One Great Vice—is a common fault that the foxy Berlin finds in most of his hedgehogish opponents. The chapter on Rousseau begins with a quote from Dostoyevsky's *The Devils*: "Starting from unlimited freedom, I arrive at unlimited despotism." Berlin damns Hegel for imagining History as an all-powerful metaphysical force and, after affectionately referring to Saint-Simon as an "inspired lunatic," upbraids the latter for ignoring human liberty in its true sense in his quest to reorder society along more "scientific" lines.

Freedom and Its Betrayal closes with a chapter on Maistre, who admired the Jacobins because "At least they killed somebody." A furious and effective critic of all forms of enlightenment, Maistre maintained that any regime founded on its subjects' ability to reason would falter. The only permanent thing, argued Maistre, is blind obedience to an authority, secular or religious. Though Berlin disagrees sharply with this enemy of progress, he also evinces a certain amount of sympathy for him (reasoning, probably, that Maistre's is a tyranny that does not try to justify itself).

Jeremy Lott is a columnist for Books & Culture.

LIBERAL ARTS

SADDAMA BIN LADEN

"A third of the American public believes U.S. forces found weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, according to a recent poll. And 22 percent said Iraq actually used chemical or biological weapons against coalition forces. Before the war, half of those polled in a survey said Iraqi's were among the 19 hijackers on September 11.

"(Source: Steve Kull, director of the Program on International Policy Attitudes at the University of Maryland, who asked the weapons questions during a May 14-18 poll of 1,256 respondents.)"

—*from Amitai Etzioni's website,* www.amitai-notes.com *(June 24)*

If It Ain't Broke . . .

by Thomas Fleming

An Introduction to Greek
by John Nevin Schaeffer and Henry Lamar Crosby
Wauconda, Illinois: Bolchazy-Carducci Publishers, Inc.; 440 pp., $23.00

◆

Greek teachers are frequently asked which text they recommend for introductory Greek. Although many new textbooks have come along since 1928, when *An Introduction to Greek* by Henry Crosby and John Schaeffer was first published, none has rivaled, much less surpassed, this old warhorse. It is not that the rivals are without merit. James Allen's *First Year of Greek* offers the most systematic presentation of grammar; Chase and Phillips is an attractive book whose quotations from Plato inspire philosophy students, while more recent texts such as *Athenaze* are designed with today's students in mind. Some more recent texts emphasize biblical Greek at the expense of Attic, while others ignore biblical *Koine* altogether. Still others share the fate of all projects designed by committee, though the text produced by the J.A.C.T. is more ungainly and less serviceable than any camel.

Crosby and Schaeffer, by contrast, is a meat-and-potatoes introduction that sticks with single-minded doggedness to the main goal: to teach the student enough Attic Greek to be able to tackle Xenophon's *Anabasis* in his second year. This book, while teaching students Greek grammar, also introduces them to the Greeks' achievement in the visual arts (with over 120 photographs included) and to their traditional "gnomic" wisdom (close to 100 aphorisms included). While relegating many finer points of grammar to the Appendices, C&S takes the student by the hand and leads him step by step from the simple fundamentals of the alphabet and declensions all the way to the complexities of conditional sentences.

"The rules for the most part," as the authors point out, "are phrased in the order in which the phenomena meet the eye of the reader of Greek and not as instructions for one translating from English into Greek." This is an important point, since all too many modern texts are either too fuzzy on prescriptive rules or else, in the case of many introductions to *Koine*, teach him only how to translate with a dictionary. The student who masters C&S will have begun to learn how to think aloud in Greek.

Some sacrifices have had to be made for the sake of clarity. For example, the fine points of Greek pronunciation have been glossed over, and the authors make the astonishing claim that accents "do not affect the pronunciation." These makeshifts, however, are necessary if the student is to get over the unfamiliarity of the alphabet and the alien quality of Greek phonology. The point, after all, is not to give the student a proficiency of Greek that will require at least five (more likely ten) years of serious study but to set him on the right path.

The choice of Xenophon is not uncontroversial. Many Greek teachers prefer to move on to Plato or the New Testament or even to Homer, because they underestimate the brilliance of Xenophon's tale of adventure that Edward Gibbon thought one of the best historical narratives ever written. There is no quick shortcut to learning Greek, and, even for students whose main purpose is to read the New Testament, C&S is equally valuable, since the usual preparation to read John's Gospel is not at all adequate for reading Luke (to say nothing of many early Church Fathers). I say this from an experience of teaching Greek to college students, students preparing for seminary, adult learners, and several of my own children. After trying many textbooks, new and old, *Koine* and Attic, I settled on C&S as the best of a basically good lot.

Experienced teachers of Greek and Latin should not need the authors' admonition to lay great emphasis on the exercises in Greek composition, but it is too easily forgotten that ancient languages, to be learned well, must be learned actively,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not passively. It is not enough simply to "recognize" Greek words: Vocabulary must be memorized from English to Greek, if it is to stick, and an hour spent on writing Greek sentences, however poorly, is probably worth several hours of passive study. In passing on to a second year of Greek, the reading of Xenophon's *Anabasis* should, therefore, be supplemented with exercises in Greek composition, perhaps through North and Hillard's *Greek Prose Composition*. (Supplemental Greek readers, designed to reinforce grammar and expand vocabulary, are also available from Bolchazy-Carducci Publishers.)

The study of Greek and Latin is not a theoretical discipline but a matter of patient study, of trial and error. Crosby and Schaeffer developed this text at the University of Pennsylvania, where Crosby was both teacher and dean and where Schaeffer (a classics teacher at Franklin and Marshall) taught summer courses in Greek. Like other solid textbooks and grammars published in the 19th and early 20th centuries, C&S reflected generations of practical teaching experience, and it is not entirely a wise idea to abandon the lessons of experience. In fact, for Crosby and Schaeffer, Greek was not an exotic subject. In their Introduction, they emphasize not only the continuity of the ancient world with our own ("An Olympic victor was welcomed home with all the enthusiasm and festivity that attends the winning of a World Series . . . ") but the vital importance of the Greeks to the best qualities of our own civilization: "The best Greek is marked by a sense of proportion, by a striving for just the right word to convey the thought, and by a simplicity and directness of expression."

It is highly unfashionable to say such things, but, not so long ago, the study of the classics was supposed to train the mind and temper the character. Rudyard Kipling (in his story "Regulus") stages a debate between a science teacher who believes that nothing sticks from the classics except "one score of totally unrelated Latin tags." The Latin master retorts that with Latin comes "Balance, proportion, perspective—life," and, when one of the boys displays such a character and his friend praises him with an allusion to the Roman hero Regulus, the classicist exults: "You see, it sticks. A little of it sticks among the barbarians."

Parents and teachers are coming to realize that, in abandoning the classics, we have abandoned our children to barbarism. In large numbers, they are rediscovering the value of the classical languages and the great literatures in which they are written. In the revival of classical education, which is the best news, by far, in American education, there is no more pressing need than for schools (including homeschools) to have ready access to the tried and true textbooks of Greek and Latin. The republication of Crosby and Schaeffer is a significant step.

Thomas Fleming is the author, most recently, of Montenegro: The Divided Land.

The Authority of Pain

by Jeffrey Meyers

The Gate
by François Bizot;
translated by Euan Cameron
New York: Knopf; 278 pp., $24.00

◆

In April 1970—between the fall of Prince Sihanouk's government and the American and South Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia—the young Sean Flynn, war photographer and son of Errol Flynn, deliberately drove into a Vietcong roadblock in Cambodia. He wanted to report the war from the communist side but was captured and accused of spying for the CIA. Since the Vietcong army was not officially in Cambodia, they handed Sean over to the fanatical Khmer Rouge. Transferred through several prison camps to avoid American bombs, Sean lasted for 14 months before contracting a severe case of malaria. With no medical aid available in the jungle, he was given a fatal injection, became comatose, and was buried while still alive. His death was horrific. But he avoided the fate of most other prisoners who—forced to kneel and ordered to "Stay still! Heads forward! Do not tuck your neck in between your shoulders!"—had their heads hacked off with several blows of a hoe. No one ever survived the Khmer Rouge, who killed 30 Westerners and several million of their own people—except François Bizot, the only one who lived to tell the tale. He, too, was falsely accused of being a CIA agent, and his story has some eerie parallels with Sean's.

In March 1969, Bizot had been living in Cambodia for four years and was fluent in Khmer. Lon Nol, who supported American intervention, seized power. The Khmer Rouge and the Vietcong, who also crossed into Cambodia, fought his army in a brutal civil war. Bizot (now a professor of Southeast Asian studies at the Sorbonne) was then restoring ceramics and bronzes at the magnificent medieval Khmer temples in Angkor Wat. In October 1971, while researching the Buddhist state of trance in a monastery 20

WWW.BOLCHAZY.COM

THE HERO AND THE SEA
PATTERNS OF CHAOS IN ANCIENT MYTH
Donald H. Mills
208 pp. (2003)
Paperback, ISBN 0-86516-508-4

The Hero and the Sea examines the mythological pattern of heroic battles with watery chaos in the *Gilgamesh Epic, the Iliad, the Odyssey,* and the Old Testament.

THE MEANING OF HELEN
IN SEARCH OF AN ANCIENT ICON
Robert Emmet Meagher
X + 191 pp. (2002)
Paperback, ISBN 0-86516-510-6

Helen is woman as we have idealized, worshipped, slandered, celebrated, constructed and deconstructed her. Helen represents the complex, intact fossil record of woman in Western culture.

THE SMELL OF SWEAT
GREEK ATHLETICS AND GREEK CULTURE
William Blake Tyrrell
xv + 250 pp. + CD-ROM (forthcoming 2003)
Paperback, ISBN 0-86516-553-X

A survey of Greek athletics from Homeric times through the fourth century C.E. This book covers all aspects of Greek athletics.
- The myth of Greek amateurism of extensive bibliography
- CD references in English

For more information on these and other titles, visit WWW.BOLCHAZY.COM today!

BOLCHAZY-CARDUCCI PUBLISHERS, INC.
1000 Brown St., Unit 101, Wauconda, IL 60084 • Phone: 847-526-4344 • Fax: 847-526-2867

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

miles north of Phnom Penh, he was arrested by the Khmer Rouge, who believed "no *barang* [foreigner] comes to Cambodia to study Buddhism and Khmer pottery." In the detention camp, where he was shackled in leg irons and chained up for two months, 20 Cambodian prisoners were tightly held in a long wooden stock, motionless and side by side. The wasted sick were abandoned and left to die.

The only foreigner among them, Bizot had no books to read and could not speak to the other prisoners. Fed only two bowls of rice per day, he became starved and emaciated. He did not practice Buddhist meditation or achieve a transcendent resignation to his fate, but, during the extremely hot days and surprisingly cold nights, he found various ways to pass the agonizing time. He responded to the beauty of the natural surroundings: the brilliant dawns and sunsets, the colors of the flowers, the sounds of the birds. He bathed in the river, slept near the burning embers of a log, and befriended the local chickens, whose lives were as precarious as his own. He was required to exonerate himself by recording his personal history. He thought about his Cambodian wife and young daughter; devised stratagems to influence his jailers and slightly increase his freedom; and, though he would be instantly recognized in the rural villages, desperately planned his escape.

Bizot also formed a strange bond with a nine-year-old girl, the only child in the camp, who had been separated from her father when he was taken prisoner. At considerable sacrifice, for he was extremely undernourished, Bizot gave her a can of condensed milk with sugar. At first, she refused to eat or speak but finally accepted his gift and seemed to befriend him: "The sight of this child," he writes, "who was under my protection, filled me with an immense courage." One day, she slipped her delicate finger between his shackle and skin and skipped away. She returned with a bunch of keys, "unlocked the padlock and, with some difficulty, carefully retightened the chain." After that, she seemed to hate him. It had taken only a short time for the Khmer Rouge to transform this child into a true revolutionary who betrayed her helpless protector.

Like many prisoners, Bizot also formed a bond, even a kind of friendship, with his captor Ta Douch, whose "light skin and crowded uneven teeth betrayed his Chinese origins." Douch beat and tortured the Cambodian prisoners. He believed Bizot was innocent, however, and, though under intense pressure from his even more savage superiors, protected him and saved his life. Bizot—who yearned for a decisive verdict, even a death sentence—was finally freed. After his money was returned, he gave a Christmas banquet, and Douch entrusted him with Khmer Rouge documents to deliver to the French embassy in the capital.

In April 1975, three years after his release, the Khmer Rouge captured Phnom Penh at the same time the Vietnamese communists captured Saigon. Bizot took shelter in the French embassy. As translator for, and one of the leaders of, the French community, he participated in the first meeting between the French diplomats and the victorious army officers; this part of his memoir is a vivid lesson in how to negotiate from a position of weakness. Able to take command and act decisively, Bizot was allowed to leave the embassy in order to find food and medical supplies for the 2,000 refugees in the compound. He even arranged for a French couple whose young daughter had just died to clean her grave and say farewell to her at the local cemetery. When he tried to recover his Buddhist texts and artistic treasures, however, he was recaptured by a little boy with a rifle. He was lucky to escape once again, but he had to abandon this quest.

During this time, the highly civilized Bizot experienced the destruction of his world, which disintegrated into arson, looting, and murder—"an immense theater of death." The feral lust for survival in the embassy itself became a microcosmic "breeding ground for all the basest instincts," just as the "revolutionary fervor, which authorizes all crimes, had suddenly filled [the Khmer Rouge leaders] with the very basest instincts." The French were forced at gunpoint to hand over the Cambodian refugees for "fair trials"—that is, for certain death. Mass executions took place in the football stadium, which always serves a dual function during revolutionary unrest. "In the blood-drenched soil," Bizot observes, "lay already victim upon victim, for centuries past, down to the deepest part of the earth."

Despite these horrors, Bizot helped to organize two convoys of 40 trucks that carried the French and other foreigners with passports to the safety of Thailand. (I can well imagine this journey. In 1966, I took a wretched bus, constantly stopped by goons with machine guns, from Poipet on the Thai border to the jungly ruins of Angkor Wat.) Bizot confronted ruthless Khmer Rouge officials, who looked on the suffering of the weak with total contempt. His last-minute pleas for mercy and courageous acts at the border determined the fate, even the very survival, of many stowaways without valid documents.

In 2000, Bizot returned to Cambodia. He visited Douch, then in prison for crimes against humanity, and finally learned that this loathsome executioner had been his liberator. He also saw the "Genocidary Museum" that displays the Khmer Rouge instruments of torture:

> the bathtub specially adapted for immersion; the sloping wooden board used for suffocation; the cage of spiders, centipedes, snakes and scorpions; the hooks; the bludgeons; the whips; the stained knives.

In this brave and brilliant memoir, Bizot never fully explains the intractable conflict in Cambodia (also reflected in his ambivalent attitude toward Douch) between the traditional Buddhist gentleness and reverence for life and the inhuman torture and genocide of the Khmer Rouge. He says that "the Communist revolution was a disruption of their age-old way of life" but also (and more convincingly) that, in the revolution, he finds

> religious themes from the past: taking on a new name, for example; enduring hardships, rather like ritual mortification; even the soothing, enticing words of Radio Peking announcing [amidst all the streams of blood] the advent of a regenerated people.

Sean Flynn was a man of action, though reckless; Bizot was a contemplative scholar, though capable. Sean got captured deliberately; Bizot was taken by chance. Sean lasted more than a year before he was killed; Bizot, luckier in his captor, was imprisoned for two months before he was freed. Both suffered terribly under a brutal regime. Bizot survived to tell his story—as well as Sean's. As Auden wrote in his elegy on Yeats: "The words of a dead man / Are modified in the guts of the living."

Jeffrey Meyers is the author of Inherited Risk: Errol and Sean Flynn in Hollywood and Vietnam *and* Privileged Moments: Encounters With Writers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Samuel Francis

The Real Cabal

After nearly two decades of paleoconservative criticism, complaints, and general grousing about the ideological hegemony of the neoconservatives, the establishment press finally began to notice the existence of the latter. Between the time of President Bush's factually flawed "Axis of Evil" State of the Union Address in 2002 and the "end" of the war with Iraq last spring, probably a dozen articles about the neocons popped up in such locations as the *New York Times*, the *Nation*, the *New York Review of Books*, and similar organs. What was curious (though not terribly surprising) is that, although each of the articles offered an "exposé" of the neocon "cabal," its "extreme" views and beliefs, and its awesome power in the government, the academy, and the mass media, not a single article that I know of even mentioned the existence of something called *paleoconservatism* or cited or quoted any paleoconservative writer—even though the very term *neoconservative* logically implies a paleoconservative antithesis, and the hostile drift of the articles would seem to suggest that their authors would welcome such an alternative to the neocons as the "acceptable right."

This silence about the paleos was the result, in part, of the abysmal ignorance of the writers of most such articles but also of the hidden purpose that lurked beneath much of what they wrote. That purpose was not so much to "deconstruct" and "expose" the neocons as to define them as the real conservative opposition, the legitimate (though deplorable and vicious) "right" against which the polemics and political struggle of the left should be directed. The reason the left prefers the neocon "right" to a paleo alternative is, quite simply, that the neocons are essentially of the left themselves and, thus, provide a fake opposition against which the rest of the left can shadowbox and thereby perpetuate its own political and cultural hegemony unchallenged by any authentic right.

The strategy became fairly apparent in much of the liberal commentary about the disciples of the late Leo Strauss, the Straussians or, as the *New York Times Magazine* dubbed them, the "Leo-cons." The "Straussians" soon began to displace such perennial demons of the left as Wall Street banks, oil companies, white supremacists, and fundamentalist Christians as the ultimate source of political evil, and one almost expected the witch hunters of the Southern Poverty Law Center to start profiling them.

The portrayal of the neocons in general and the Straussians in particular as the brains behind the American right became obvious in an article by William Pfaff in the *International Herald Tribune* (May 15), in which he wrote that "The radical neoconservatives, who appeared in the 1960s, are the first seriously intelligent movement of the American right since the 19th century" and "the main intellectual influence on the neoconservatives has been the philosopher Leo Strauss." Both statements are simply wrong.

In the first place, there is nothing especially "radical" about any of the neoconservatives, and, in the second place, even if we grudgingly grant that they are intelligent, they are clearly not the first to display this quality. Mr. Pfaff might have glanced at George Nash's *Conservative Intellectual Movement in America Since 1945* to learn something about "intelligent" conservatism in this country or at any of the myriad books about the Southern Agrarians, the history and background of conservatism, *etc.* Obviously, however, he did not or had some other reason for wishing to present the neocons as the only adversaries worthy of the immense brainpower of the left.

In the third place, Strauss, while a major influence on several Old Right figures as well as on some neoconservatives (his picture appears on the dust jacket of Nash's 1976 book) and the founder of his own school of (sort of) conservative thought, is hardly "the main intellectual influence" on the neocons. Neoconservatism emerges from three originally separate movements, among which the Straussians are one. The other two are the liberal-to-left mainstream intellectuals of the 1950's, most of whom were at one time known as "consensus liberals," and the Social Democrats of the Sidney Hook stripe, who actually contributed most of the anticommunism of the neocons. The former group "moved to the right"—if that is what they did—principally because the New Left slipped out of their control, started kicking them down the stairs (often quite literally), and snuffling up to the Palestinians against Israel. Unlike the anticommunist right that emerged a decade or more earlier (the right of Whittaker Chambers, James Burnham, and Frank Meyer), the neocon right experienced no dark night of the soul about the God That Failed and, in fact, never even missed a meal. So far from being Trotskyites (I know of only two or three major neoconservative figures who were), most were never committed to the revolutionary left at all and had little problem shuffling from one side of the spectrum to the other as the occasion required. I have never heard of any neocon who, like Chambers and Meyer, felt the need to stay up all night every night with a loaded shotgun in case some of his former comrades and employers in the NKVD came looking for him. The transition from whatever it was the neoconservatives formerly purported to believe to whatever it is they now purport to believe was no more wrenching a spiritual odyssey for them than a trip from Pinsk to Prague would be for an Eastern European peddler. Intellectual nomads by their very nature, they are as comfortable with one *ism* as with another.

As for Strauss, much of the accumulating literature about him and his disciples in the establishment popular press is also wrong. It is entirely untrue, for example, that the late Albert Wohlstetter of the University of Chicago, under whom neocons Paul Wolfowitz and Richard Perle studied, was a Straussian, nor is it true that Mr. Perle is a Straussian. (Both claims were made last spring.) Mr. Wolfowitz has had the reputation of being a Straussian

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since at least the Reagan administration, though he rejects the label. Irving Kristol and his ubiquitous offspring Bill claim to reflect the influence of Strauss on their own thinking, but, as paleoconservative Paul Gottfried pointed out in what was probably the most sensible and accurate discussion of the Straussians this year (in the *American Conservative* in June), both Kristols took from Strauss what they wanted and cannot, in any serious sense, be described as his "disciples."

Moreover, as Dr. Gottfried and a number of Old Right critics of the Straussians have argued for years, the Straussians are simply not very right wing at all—which is precisely why they are so acceptable to the neocons and also why the left is so eager to accept them as the legitimate right. According to William Pfaff and several others, the Straussians are really a kind of Masonic secret society who preach one doctrine to the masses but maintain among their inner circles an esoteric dogma that glorifies power, deception, and repression. Yet, whatever the truth of that claim, the real damage the Straussians inflict is not in what they secretly think but in what they publicly teach. As Dr. Gottfried writes, Strauss "aims his fire at 'historicism,' the belief that historical circumstances determine values" and attacks several major figures in European intellectual history known as conservatives, including Edmund Burke. The attack on "historicism" is intended to reject the Burkean appeal to tradition and to insist, instead, on classical natural law and the universal ethical absolutes it contains. While Strauss himself drew a major distinction between the natural-law teachings of classical and medieval philosophers and the theory of "natural right" espoused by modernist thinkers such as Locke, many of his disciples (Harry Jaffa comes to mind) seem to deny the distinction and adopt an antihistorical universalism based on natural rights that leads them to embrace what is, at bottom, the worldview of the left. It was, after all, from supposed universal natural rights that the slogan of the French Revolution, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," derived, and the Straussian adulation of Abraham Lincoln follows precisely from Lincoln's regurgitation of such Jacobin bromides.

Another exposer of the Straussians, Jim Lobe, writing on *Alternet.org* last May, while arguing that the Straussians secretly adhere to an atheistic and nihilistic creed, portrayed them as promoting the political and social usefulness of religion "because Strauss viewed religion as absolutely essential in order to impose moral law on the masses who otherwise would be out of control." Irving Kristol, Mr. Lobe wrote,

> has long argued for a much greater role for religion in the public sphere, even suggesting that the Founding Fathers of the American Republic made a major mistake by insisting on the separation of church and state.

It is not clear Kristol has ever argued that, but almost all Old Right and paleoconservative thinkers *have*, though most deny that the Framers really established a separation at all. Emphasizing the importance of religion in the public order is hardly unique to Straussians or neoconservatives.

A great deal of the recent commentary on the neoconservatives and the Straussians seems to miss what, in recent years, has been the major driving force in their political agenda—namely, their own Jewish identity. It is always difficult to bring this subject up without incurring the predictable accusations, but Jewishness (not necessarily the same as Judaism) has been at least as significant a factor in the shaping of the neoconservative mind as Roman Catholicism was in shaping the Old Right mind of *National Review* in the 1950's. To discuss the one is no more antisemitic than discussing the other is anti-Catholic. Jewish identity obviously shapes neoconservative foreign policy toward Israel and the Arab states as well as their support for the globalization of "democracy," "democratic capitalism," and spreading American pop culture throughout the world. Neoconservative Jewish identity also undoubtedly shapes continuing neocon support for the civil-rights movement, Martin Luther King, Jr., and virtually all immigration (as a means of protecting against the emergence of anti-Jewish movements by diluting the Old Stock ethnic homogeneity of the United States; as Brandeis University President Earl Raab, speaking of the effect of mass immigration on the U.S. population and politics, remarked some years ago, "We have tipped beyond the point where a Nazi-Aryan party will be able to prevail in this country"). *Commentary* has published any number of articles over the years defending liberal immigration policies, but only since September 11, 2001, has it published any suggesting the need for any immigration restrictions at all—but only on Arab and Muslim immigrants.

Yet it would be a serious error to see neoconservatism as a purely Jewish phenomenon. The presence within it of such non-Jews as Bill Bennett, Jack Kemp, Richard John Neuhaus, Michael Novak, Penn Kemble, and many others makes that clear enough, but so does the very success of the neocon movement. It did not succeed simply because a tiny "cabal" of Jews maneuvered themselves into positions of power. It succeeded because it performed certain functions and services for the non-Jewish conservatives and liberals who helped to push it and to give it credibility as a part of the American right. For the right, the main service neoconservatives performed was to lend it a certain respectability that the right generally lacked—not only through academic and literary credentials but in the general tone they adopted, a tone that contributes to William Pfaff's sad delusion that the neoconservatives "are the first seriously intelligent movement of the American right since the 19th century." Of course, it never dawned on the conservatives who welcomed them as allies, and soon as leaders, that the "respectability" the neocons brought them was one defined and conferred by the dominant left and therefore made it impossible for the right to challenge the left at all. Come to think of it, maybe the neocons are smarter than most on the Old Right after all.

And that is precisely the main function neoconservatism provides for the left—to serve as a political formula for preserving the New Deal-Great Society regime, even as the real conservatism began to rip it apart intellectually and to win political battles against it with Richard Nixon, George Wallace, and Ronald Reagan. The rise of neoconservatism has ensured that the liberal hegemony that should by now have been dismantled still thrives. There are zillions of non-Jews—blacks, Hispanics, and many, many non-Jewish whites—who have vested interests in making sure that hegemony is not endangered. Perhaps the most remarkable development in American political life in the late 20th century was that a small brigade of neoconservatives enabled them to preserve it. c

Looking for a Good Book?
Read Reviews Online
www.ChroniclesMagazine.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Scott P. Richert

The Perfect Storm

The chain saw screams as it hits the wood, then slides through the first few branches as if they were butter. I toss them aside, and Jacob and Stephen each grab hold of one, dragging it, struggling, over to the gate and out onto the driveway. It has been two weeks since the storm, but I hadn't been able to borrow a chain saw until yesterday; even now, the only ones on the shelves of the hardware stores are electric. Four days without power has convinced me that a noisy, smoky, gas-guzzling chain saw is the only way to go.

Here on East State Street, at our old house, city crews have already picked up the debris that our former neighbors had dragged to the curb. It's one of the few places in Rockford that seems to have returned to normal, as long as you don't glance up at the jagged tops of the trees lining the main east-west route through the Forest City. Keep your eyes on the ground, and the only sign of the storm is the occasional patch of dead grass between the sidewalk and the curb, turned brown and yellow by the weight of the debris—that, and the ever-increasing mound of branches in our driveway.

The storm had arrived around 4:17 A.M. on Saturday, July 5—not unexpectedly, but with a ferocity that no one could have predicted. I woke to the sound of the pounding rain, grabbed my glasses, and looked out of the third-story window at the foot of the bed. The constant lightning—a bolt every second or so—should have lit up the sky like daylight, but it took me a moment to realize that I couldn't see very far; the rain formed an impenetrable wall. Another moment, and I could make out the branches of our neighbors' towering oak, as they swung on an ever-increasing arc, ending their westward journey by slamming against the wall above and below the window. One more, and I was out of bed and down the stairs, away from the flailing oak and the huge, half-dead maple standing at the southwest corner of the house, right between the barrelling winds and our freshly shingled roof.

Downstairs, the roar of the winds made the silence of the house almost palpable. Amy and the children were spending the week in Michigan, so I rode out the storm in solitude. When the winds subsided and the rain changed to a soft pitter-patter, I climbed back up the stairs and into bed, grateful that the house was still standing and that the dead maple was, too.

I awoke late to the sound of chain saws and, looking out into the bright sunlight, realized just how deep my gratitude should have been. Up and down Cumberland Street, in front of our new house, our neighbors wandered through the branches lying across the road. Out back, the dead maple still stood (only one small limb had fallen to the ground), but the top of our neighbors' maple lay in the rear of our yard, the trunk turned 180 degrees and butting up against the side of our garage.

Over here at the old house, we have fared much worse. The entire top of the maple behind the garage snapped off, and the backyard is packed with debris. I can barely squeeze between the treetop and the garage; on the other side, 30 feet away, the wood presses up against the fence. Our 20-foot redbud tree is a mangled mess, crushed by the falling maple. Amazingly, the garage emerged unscathed, even though it stands between the tree and where the top fell.

As I continue to slice away at the branches, I realize that the trunk has landed right where I planted the English oak that Mark Dahlgren gave me three years ago. I had promised to let him dig it up if we ever sold our house, but when we told his wife back in early May that we were moving, he was afraid it would not transplant well that late in the spring. Now, sadly, it appears to be too late.

I'm not the only one still at work; the cleanup will continue for another few weeks. Most Rockfordians spent the first few days after the storm coping with the loss of power; over 80,000 homes were left without electricity. (Aaron Wolf and his family, living close to Rockford Memorial Hospital, got their power back rather quickly, but they spent the day chopping up walnut branches and an elm tree that had barely missed their van.) My wife and children had returned that Saturday afternoon, and we spent the night on the front porch, with a citronella candle and a battery-powered radio, listening to the Grand Ole Opry. Sunday night on the porch, we jumped up at every sound of traffic, until finally, around 10:00 P.M., two ComEd cherry-pickers rolled down the street, to a hearty round of cheers. It would be another 18 hours before power was restored to our neighborhood and another three days before the entire city came back online, courtesy of electrical workers from as far away as Kansas City and Houston. At one point, a day and a half after the storm, a convoy of ComEd trucks over a mile long was sighted on the tollway from Chicago to Rockford.

There's still no reliable estimate of how many trees were lost and how much property was damaged (though, considering the scope of the former, the latter seems mercifully small), but we now know what caused the destruction: in-line winds of 80 miles per hour, gusting up to 100. It wasn't until Sunday afternoon, listening to WNTA's heroic round-the-clock coverage (it was the only radio or TV station to devote its airwaves solely to helping folks weather the storm's fallout), that I realized that, despite the constant (and very close) lightning, I had heard no thunder. The winds had drowned it out—or perhaps blown it away. Only then did I understand how so many could claim to have slept through the entire storm.

After five hours in the 90-degree heat, the end is in sight. The chain has been dulled, and the wood bears burn marks where the saw has passed through. I make the final cut, shut off the chain saw, and stand for a moment in the Sunday-afternoon silence. Wiping my brow, I lean over and pick up the last two logs. As I toss the second one onto the woodpile, the leaves carpeting the ground at my feet come alive, and the English oak rises slowly from the grave. After two weeks flattened to the ground, it is bent, bowed, scarred, but not broken. Mother Nature is tenacious, even more so than man. c

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter From England

by Michael McMahon

Children in the Hellmouth

◆

In the week before English schools closed for the summer, three educational news items grabbed the national headlines. This is not especially remarkable in itself: English education has been in a state of revolution for years, and unsettling stories that reflect the unsettled state of our universities, colleges, and schools are featured almost daily in our papers. The crisis in teacher recruitment; the outrage of children having to be sent home because their schools do not have sufficient funds to pay enough teachers to teach them full-time; the panic at the drop in numbers studying math, science, or languages; the absurdity of expanding universities to and beyond the point at which they cease to be universities at all, except in the sense that they are universally accessible to the talented and the untalented alike; the question of how such an expansion can be paid for; the psychological, intellectual, cultural, and financial strain of maintaining a target-driven system that is so top-heavy with testing that it stumbles under the burden of self-justification: These and countless other educational problems are constantly reported in the English press. It's all too much. Education is a bore; a chore; a turn-off. And the three stories that popped up alongside one another in July show that it is also a failure.

The first report was of such comic absurdity that it would have provoked cascades of ironic laughter in every state-school staff room in the land if such places still contained teachers with the energy needed to laugh. On July 8, the *Guardian* published the results of research conducted by the University of Newcastle-upon-Tyne (a traditional university, not one of the rash of reclassified technical colleges that have recently been granted university status) demonstrating that the government's schools inspection service, the Office for Standards in Education (known by the ugly near-acronym Ofsted) has had "no positive effect on examination achievement." Moreover, the report continues, "If anything, it [has] made it worse." The joke is that, though schools have complained at Ofsted's disruptive, threatening, confidence-sapping and crudely judgmental invasions for the ten years of its existence, successive Tory and New Labour governments have declared such inspections indispensable. Politicians of both main parties have characterized the inspectors as heroic standard-bearers in the battle for educational standards and have consistently claimed that, though the Ofsted medicine might seem unpalatable, it has been not just a tonic but a lifesaver. Such claims are now shown to be nonsense. It has become clear that the billions of photocopied pages of policy documents, management plans, and statistical data that were generated to be crammed into the hell's-mouthed maw of the Ofsted paper monster might just as well have been fed into the shredder. It is now evident that, had that dragon been slain at birth, tens of thousands of good, bad, or indifferent teachers who opted for early retirement rather than to continue to teach with Ofsted's pestiferous breath on their necks would still now be in service, and the exam scores achieved by their pupils would be as much as one half of a percentage point better. It is now obvious that, had the £197 million of taxpayers' money that is spent every year on Ofsted been spent on paying the salaries of teachers, no school would ever have been forced to operate on a four-day week to stay in budget—and no child would have got lower examination grades as a result.

A less arrogant government might have been embarrassed by such a revelation, but this one knew that it only had to brazen it out for a few days before the story would be buried by an announcement that would put it—and any consideration of its significance—in the shade. On July 12, Mike Tomlinson, the educational expert whose previous role was—wait for it—head of Ofsted and chief inspector of schools, published the results of his wide-ranging review of examinations and qualifications in English schools. His recommendation: that almost everything is to be changed, and changed out of all recognition. Asked to point the way to the nation's educational future, he responded with the wisdom of the Norfolk bumpkin asked for directions to Norwich by a stranger: "Well," says the rustic, "I wouldn't start from here."

Tomlinson's recommendations are so revolutionary (they include replacing all existing tests and examinations with a wide-ranging four-level diploma) that attention was immediately focused on what is to come rather than on why he had been asked to make his review in the first place, which was because the previous system had collapsed under ever-increasing political pressure. The breaking point came last year, when one of the country's largest examination boards shifted the goalposts to reduce the number of A's that students had objectively achieved because it was anxious not to displease the government by giving the impression that their examinations were not hard enough. In the summer of remarking and recrimination that followed, public confidence in the whole examination system was lost. Tomlinson was asked first to report on that disaster in particular and, in the light of what he found, on the examination system in general. The government has been quick to embrace the recommendation that the educational edifice be leveled and rebuilt to a new and more modern design but chooses to forget that the building would never have become so unstable in the first place had they not pumped into it the self-proliferating, parasitic spores of the utilitarian educational heresy.

They are as nothing, however, compared to the canister of poison that a group of government-appointed experts now wants to drop through the roof vents of every primary-school classroom in Britain. The day before the Tomlinson report was publicized, the Independent Advisory Group on Teenage Pregnancy delivered its annual report to Parliament, calling for the introduction of compulsory sex education for five-year-olds. No, you have not misread that last sentence; yes, it beggars belief. It should not, however. Such a policy is entirely consistent with the targets-and-testing philosophy that has turned English education into a system designed to fulfill government objectives without regard to what might be appropriate for children. In this case, the target is a 50-percent reduction in the teenage conception rate by 2010; the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means chosen to try to meet it, forcing the tiniest of children to try to grow up at a speed that the government chooses to dictate.

The proposal is as stupid as it is wicked. The group wants to impose a legally binding (and Ofsted inspected!) curriculum that sets out precisely what should be taught and when, but anyone with even the most elementary understanding of children knows that individuals develop sexual awareness at very different rates. The group says that, by the time all pupils have reached the age of seven, they should be able to "compare the external parts of the human body" and "share their feelings." What either of these requirements might mean is anybody's guess, but some of the best guesses are likely to be made by those who have seen the education packs that were introduced in Scotland in 2001, one of which invites five-year-olds to identify the clitoris on a drawing of the human body, while another suggests that a suitable homework task for 11-year-olds would be to visit a pharmacy and purchase some contraceptives.

Other practices timetabled for description need not be mentioned here and certainly should not be introduced into the imaginations of prepubescent youngsters. Of course, there is a proper time and place for appropriate sex education, just as there are proper times and places for appropriate sex itself. Anyone who has seen anything of developments in U.K. schools over the last couple of generations, however, will know that the ministry of education is the last place you should go to seek guidance about what is appropriate for children.

"Poppycock!" cry the contemporary educational pundits. "This is the government that has just created the post of Minister for Children!" Precisely. The first person to hold that office is Margaret Hodge, a career politician who presided over the Stalinesque London Borough of Islington until some dozen or so years ago, when she won notoriety by failing to respond appropriately to repeated claims—later proved correct—that widespread sexual abuse was being visited upon children in the borough's care. Reminded of the consequences of her poor judgement in this case, Mrs. Hodge argued that her past failures make her an ideal candidate for her new post, as she has learned from her mistakes. It is not an argument likely to persuade the scores of children that were passed from pervert to pervert while she was responsible for their care. The rest of us, meanwhile, wonder how anyone at all can be a credible advocate for the rights and interests of children when his or her line manager is the government official in charge of the country's greatest sustained assault on the very condition of childhood: Her Majesty's secretary of state for education.

Michael McMahon is a freelance writer who lives in Norfolk, England.

Letter From London

by Andrei Navrozov

The Good Things in Death

◆

It has been argued that, of all human deeds, only the act of conception is selfless, since, for the briefest of instants that consummate it, neither the man nor the woman ever thinks of himself or herself, but always of the other. And it can further be said that this is precisely where our lifelong thirst for *otherness* comes from—our apparently perverse, though very real and often crushing, desire to have, or to be, something *other* than that which we own or are—literally, from the moment of conception.

Any metaphysics of roulette must take account of such strengths and frailties of the human psyche, and, at his leisure, when his mind is not magnetized by the hypnotic green of the baize, the poet player—my hero—is fond of worrybeading them through his fingers. "Man is limitless," wrote the 20th-century feoffee of Dostoyevsky's subterranean benefice of the spirit, Vasily Rozanov, "and limitlessness is man's whole essence. Hence metaphysics." Rozanov went on:

> "Everything's clear as day." Then man says: "I want something that is *unclear*."
>
> To the contrary, everything is rather obscure. Then he says: "*Light*, give me *light*."
>
> Man ever longs for the *other*. This is the birth of metaphysics.
>
> "I want to see *beyond* the edge."
>
> "I want to get to *the end*."
>
> "I shall die, but I want to know what happens after death. I cannot know it? In that case, I'm going to dream it, imagine it, divine it, describe it in a *poem*."

"Why are you playing, why are you wasting money, why are you killing time? Why are you ruining yourself and others?" These questions, so often put to the poet player by men of somewhat more practical outlook, are, in his own system of values, as subversive as "Why are you so curious about what's going to happen to you after death? What does it matter?" or "Why do you care so much that these two lines should have the exact same number of syllables? Why not just say what you mean, and be done with it?" or, in a lighter vein, "Why sigh and swoon about that bit of hot crumpet? Just show her you've got a black American Express card, and off you go."

"Well, ultimately, it's because I'm naturally curious, even unto death," answers the poet player. "More than anything, I have the wish to transcend. I desire the other thing, and I'm prepared to bring suffering upon myself and misfortune to those around me for the sake of it. Not only do I want these lines of mine to scan, I want them to *rhyme*, and, furthermore, until they do, I won't think my life is worth a plugged nickel. Because, to you, the things you own and think and say are good and plain and sensible, but, to me, they have the abject meaning of ugly prose and the zinc-tub sound of even uglier doggerel. To me, they are against nature, if only because, at the moment of my conception, my parents thought of each other and not of themselves. And I, too, dream of the *other* in this rational world of your construction."

Chesterton famously asserted that he who does not believe in God will believe anything, and, to this day, our experience bears out the truth of that assertion; have we not met enough atheists who passionately believe in diets, reincarnation, equal rights, colonic irrigation, university degrees, and cryonic immortality? The problem is that, in his usual smooth-talking way, Chesterton was answering the simpler of two posed questions; for it is far more difficult to explain what it is that he who *does* believe in God *also* believes or *may* believe.

For the poet player, there is no third way, because either you bet or you stay put. Thus, even if the vast question—what other beliefs he who believes in God may also embrace—is left forever darkling, it is nonetheless pellucidly clear to him that the worship of matter can

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never be on the list of possible answers, and that, mercurial as the very Devil, materialism, in all its larval incarnations (under the deceptive names of civilization, progress, evolution, democracy, reason, science, not to mention "modern," "responsible" or "relevant" Christianity), is, indeed, of the Devil. Therefore, yearning for the *other* is a good thing. *Killing money* is a good thing. Getting the lines of verse to *rhyme* is a good thing. Thinking about *life after death* is a good thing. Observing the play of *chance* is a good thing. Despising the *world* is a good thing.

Here he is on a midsummer's day, in the long queue to board from Gate 22 at Heathrow Airport, watching sullenly as his fellow passengers swarm and sweat all around him. There goes the Oriental woman with carmine-red fingernails and an enormous boil on her left cheek, accompanied by a Mexican-American dwarf in a pair of black polyester pajamas. There goes the young English girl, from somewhere up north apparently, with a pasty-white face and skin like rancid butter. There goes a blue-faced man shaped like a beanstalk. There goes another, in denim shorts and a shirt that says SONY. A third waddles by, pushing on his legs with all his might, oddly reminiscent in his triumphalism of a combine harvester from old Soviet newsreels. The poet player takes it all in, remarking to himself that what lies before him is the product of genetic *lucklessness*.

Why should it be otherwise? he muses. Why is carbon so common in the universe? Or iron, or nitrogen? Why are gold, radium, and ozone less common? Is it right? Is it fair? Is it fair that Bianca Sforza should possess both a beautiful face *and* a pearl necklace, while others make do with carbuncles on their faces and Nike trainers on their feet? Is it just that Dostoyevsky should have both immortality and the woman he loves, while writers published by Random House have only the collective certainty of a favorable review in the *New York Times*? Is it reasonable that Shakespeare, Dante, and Gogol should all have distinctive and memorable noses in portraits, but the matinee idol Brad Pitt does not? No, chance answers for everything, and believing in this is no trammel whatever to believing in God.

Genus and *genius* spring from the same etymological source. While that which falls outside the *gens*, or family, is, by definition, degenerate, the lucky birth of one man or woman of genius per one billion genetic permutations within the human clan is the miracle that justifies the whole gamble. And, by the way, no less than Shakespeare, physical beauty is a valid payout for this streak of genetic luck, if only because it draws attention to itself so dramatically; as the genius, even when he tries his hardest to lie low, invariably does; as the opera diva, arriving at the high note of her career, compels the audience to their feet; and as the gambler, when he suddenly raises the stakes a hundredfold, thrills and terrifies the house.

Hence the *risk* inherent in the notion of genius, in its chance conception as well as in its hazardous expression, a view fully supported by the parable of the talents in the Scripture. To bury one's talent, to stay put, to desist from playing roulette—genetic, or creative, or of the casino kind—is the mark of the wicked and slothful servant, of one who, never seeking the *other*, prefers what *is* to what *might be* and chooses platitude over paradox. Is he not the very philistine who chides the player for being a poet? Is he not the Pharisee who tells off the poet for wasting his own and other people's money on dangerous dreams? Is he not the American taxpayer, obedient in everything, who, without a murmur of dissent, will end up sending his brothers to the death camps? Is he not the good Christian, the good Jew, and possibly even the good Muslim, of our rational modern world?

So thinks the poet player, as he boards the plane, mindful all the while that the gate number, a treacherous neighbor of 9 on the wheel, has never been lucky for him.

Andrei Navrozov is Chronicles' *European correspondent.*

Letter From District 205

by Sarah J. Weber

Trick or Treat?

◆

During my first semester as a graduate teaching assistant, I was fired from my job at a coffee shop for my inability to act phony. Anyway, this is what I suspected my particularly phony employer meant by a "bad attitude." I quickly found that, despite the incredibly high taxes in Illinois, my state-university stipend was slightly less than adequate. I thought about the three long and tedious years I had spent as an undergraduate and decided that I should perhaps do something that required a bachelor's degree so I wouldn't feel that time had been wasted. I had substitute-taught at my old high school before, but I wanted more steady employment than that institution could offer me.

Readers of *Chronicles* are familiar with the chaos that prevails in the Rockford public schools, all 48 of which are combined into one district, the infamous 205, whose numerous yellow buses plague early-morning motorists in Rockford. Not having had any personal experience with this monstrosity, thanks to my excellent and very discerning parents, who sent me to a private school, I was interested to see whether all those *Rockford Files* were really true. I have rarely found the pursuit of knowledge to be so painful.

My first step in the process was to obtain a copy of the 20-page application, complete with criminal-background survey and the requirement of a physical if I had not had one in the last 90 days. I thought I was in fine health, but, since I had not had a physical since the tenth grade and had never, in my recollection, had a tuberculosis test, I had to comply. I could have made an appointment with my family doctor, but I opted for the immediate-care clinic, which, presumably would be faster. Luckily, I had a book during my three-hour wait, which the receptionist had assured me would not exceed 45 minutes. Perhaps sensing that I was about to leave and throw out the whole plan, the nurse called me to the back and locked me in an office where I waited for about half an hour, without seeing another person. The doctor finally came in and had me breathe deeply and touch my toes and declared me to be in perfect health, if a little dazed from the waiting-room experience.

Armed with my proof of good health, my application, and a $5.00 copy of my college transcripts, I drove again to the Regional Office of Education where I paid $50.00 (bringing my total with the physical close to $100.00) and walked out with my temporary substitute-teaching certificate, with a promise that the permanent copy would be in the mail. I took my collection of paperwork to the staffing service that District 205 used and asked to have my name added to the list

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of substitute teachers. Then I waited.

About three weeks later, I had nearly forgotten about the whole thing, when the phone rang one morning around 7:30. Awake, but still in bed, I got up to answer it and heard myself say "sure" when asked if I could be at Kennedy Middle School at 9:45 to teach social studies (formerly known as "history"). I arrived at the main office and, after being mistaken for a student by a gentleman in a sweatshirt at the front desk, was sent back to speak to the lady who coordinated these things. She was about the same age as I and seemed very nice as she handed me the classroom key, explained the schedule, and pointed me in the direction of my classroom. As I was walking out of the office, a policeman entered, leading a little boy. I must have been staring, as I had never seen such a thing in a school before, and the man in the sweatshirt asked me, "Are you ready for this?" I said "Yes," but perhaps I wasn't being entirely honest.

I found my classroom easily and walked in to find a woman of about 30 who was quite pregnant, wearing two flashing jack-o'-lanterns bobbing from a headband. She introduced herself as Mrs. Price, and I, as Mrs. Weber, and she explained that she was the long-term substitute for the normal teacher who was out with an injury. Mrs. Price was to be with me for three of the five classes I was to teach, which made me wonder how necessary it was for me to be there. I quickly banished those thoughts, however, when I considered my forthcoming paycheck. Mrs. Price was arranging worksheets and copies of a scholastic magazine for middle-school children. She explained the assignment, which consisted of reading a few articles and then filling out a worksheet—seemingly, a simple task.

Mrs. Price explained that the worksheets were difficult for the students, although they looked like assignments I might have had in third grade, and that I would have to "hold their hands" through the duration of the assignment. As an alternative, I could continue playing a film, *The Mummy Returns*, that they had been watching for the previous few class periods. I asked Mrs. Price which assignment needed to be completed first, and she replied, "You might as well watch the movie . . . you don't actually want to *teach*, do you?"

While teaching was presumably what I had come there to do, this comment, and the one about "just keeping them from killing each other," indicated that I was really just a college-educated babysitter. The first class, consisting of about 27 students, came in around 9:45, and Mrs. Price had to fill in for the absent music teacher during that hour, so I was on my own. Before she left, she divulged her plan to show the kids *The Nightmare Before Christmas*, "because it's a musical."

Having my own schoolwork to do, I gladly inserted the video, turned out the lights, and sat down to read Keats. At a few points during the movie, loud noises startled me, and I looked up to see monsters chasing people, pushing them into pits of hot lava, and beating them with chains—very educational. The movie ended before the class period, and so I benevolently told the children they could talk quietly in their seats (as they had been doing throughout the entire movie—minus the quietly part). At least during the movie, they had stayed in their seats. Now, the little monsters were running around the room, hitting one another with the dog-tag chains from the student I.D. cards that they wore around their necks. It seems they had learned something from the movie after all.

Mrs. Price came back from music class elated that the students had sung along throughout her movie. We showed *The Mummy Returns* to the second class as well. Mrs. Price promised them that, if they were good, she would give them treats, in honor of Halloween. By my estimation, the seventh graders were not being very good, but Mrs. Price went around with the candy bucket anyway.

The third class on which I sat in while Mrs. Price "taught" had one bright girl, who immediately got herself a pass to the nurse's office, a trick I often used in high-school algebra. I was sorry to see her go, and, as I sat in the dark, with the strains of *The Nightmare Before Christmas* echoing in the background and a migraine beginning to rear its ugly head, I started to feel sick and that I could not stay there another moment. I began to think of excuses. I could tell Mrs. Price, in front of the children, just how I felt and walk out (there was an outside door in the classroom). I could say that I was sick and excuse myself to the nurse's office. I began to feel as trapped as the students must, but angered because I had already done my penance in junior high school. I decided to wait until the class let out, followed by an hour break for me, and then leave without telling Mrs. Price.

I have never experienced a longer 30 minutes. After the class was over, Mrs. Price told me that I had the classroom all to myself and warned me about the afternoon's activities, then left me in peace. I gathered up my map, keys, and books, donned my coat, and walked quickly to the main office, where I told the nice young lady from earlier that morning that I was sick—the result of the students, who were some of the worst-behaved children I had ever seen. I told her that I couldn't stand being in the institution and that there was no education going on there. I don't think she understood my comment about everyone being right about District 205. Weak, and breathing heavily, I concluded my rant. Somehow, I couldn't bring myself to laugh when she said, "I know; that's why I try to avoid going out into the hall."

Sarah J. Weber, a graduate student in English literature at Northern Illinois University, was formerly Chronicles' *editorial assistant.*

We want to make sure that *Chronicles* is carried by newsstands and bookstores all across the country.

Please send the name, address, and phone number of any potential retailers in your town to:

Cindy Link, Circulation Manager, *Chronicles*
928 N. Main St., Rockford, IL 61103
Subscriptions@ChroniclesMagazine.org

Every month, we will draw the name of one reader who has sent us the name of a store. The lucky winner will receive a free one-year extension to his subscription.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Srdja Trifkovic

Out of Africa

But for the death and suffering it has caused to thousands of innocents, the Liberian imbroglio would have an almost farcical quality—Graham Greene meets Lehar. On one side, there was the LURD (Liberians United for Reconciliation and Democracy), a ragtag army of heavily armed but poorly trained and undisciplined rebels. They nevertheless have the upper hand in a 14-year-old civil war that has utterly destroyed an already dirt-poor and chronically mismanaged West African state. On the other side, there was its unspeakable president Charles Taylor, whose shrinking forces controlled only parts of the capital city of Monrovia at the time of this writing. While the two sides' "ideological" differences are unknown, their disregard for civilian lives and what little remains of usable property in the ruined country is fully shared.

The rebels said that their July offensive against the capital—marked by indiscriminate shelling of civilians—was in response to violations by Taylor's loyalists of a cease-fire announced in June. The United States wanted Taylor to resign (which he just did, as this issue goes to press) and go into exile, but Washington had also accused the rebels of violating the cease-fire themselves. Mr. Taylor had accepted an offer of political asylum from Nigeria "in principle," but he said he would not leave until international peacekeepers—including Americans—were in place. At the same time, however, he promised to fight the rebels to the "last man." Nigeria's President Obasanjo, whose soldiers are supposed to be a key component of a proposed predominantly West African peacekeeping force, has said that his troops can only be deployed if there is a firm cease-fire. President Bush appeared to suggest that the role of American soldiers would be to assist the deployment of an African force rather than to serve as actual peacekeepers. The Liberians do not trust their fellow Africans, however, and want the G.I.'s and Marines to come to impose order.

By late July, a contingent of Marines was flown in to the U.S. embassy in Monrovia to secure the compound, and Washington announced that some 4,500 Marines and sailors would be transferred to the Mediterranean for a possible role in the West African country. With the war taking its daily toll of innocents, desperate Liberians resorted to piling up the bodies of victims outside the U.S. embassy to protest the apparent reluctance of the Bush administration to deploy American troops.

To suggest that the United States has a tangible interest in Monrovia worthy of a single American life is preposterous. Africa is nearly irrelevant to the strategic, economic, or any other rationally definable interests of the United States. According to the U.S. International Trade Commission ("U.S.-Trade and Investment with Sub-Saharan Africa," January 2003), total U.S. merchandise imports from the region declined 5.2 percent in 2001 to $21.1 billion—1.9 percent of total U.S. imports—primarily because of falling petroleum prices and decreased imports of crude oil from Nigeria. Non-petroleum imports decreased by almost one fifth and account for *less than one percent of U.S. imports*. In 2001, total U.S. merchandise exports to sub-Saharan Africa totaled an insignificant $6.8 billion. Were it not for the bureaucratic distortions of the African Growth and Opportunity Act (AGOA), even that figure would have been smaller.

That Africa is the least important continent of them all can be disputed only if Antarctica is included. Its political instability is proverbial, and even the alleged success stories of yore—such as Sierra Leone—are ever liable to plunge themselves into Hobbesian nightmares. Many of its people are endearingly friendly and often charming, but their postindependence leaders have been among the most odious characters known to world politics (and we would do injustice to dozens of lesser-known despots by focusing solely on Idi Amin, Emperor Bokassa, or Robert Mugabe).

Africa contributes next to nothing to global science and technology. Its resources are theoretically considerable but often impossible to develop under the prevailing social, political, and legal conditions. Its share in the global economy is negligible. In 2001, sub-Saharan Africa received just over $14 billion in foreign investments—but over half of that sum reflected the financial restructuring resulting from the sale of a South African company to a British firm. Without that one transaction, investment flows would have totaled a paltry $6.9 billion.

President Bush presumably knows all that, but during his first African tour, in early July, he pretended otherwise. For five days, he gushed out bucketfuls of touchy-feely platitudes—about AIDS relief, development, fresh water, democracy—from Johannesburg to Kampala to Lagos. National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice set the tone when she told reporters on July 3 that the President's tour would reflect his understanding "that America is a country that really does have to be committed to values and to making life better for people around the world, that that's what the world looks to America to do."

The notion of America as the social worker of the world is silly but harmless enough as long as such words are not supported by deeds, let alone troops. Five years after Bill Clinton's long-forgotten visit, a presidential tour of Africa has developed into a ritual akin to the taxing but mercifully rare visit to a ne'er-do-well cousin on the wrong side of the tracks. You pretend that his folks' sorry state is someone else's fault and that you can and will help him sort things out; he pretends that he'll mend his ways and make a new start, if you only let him have some of your cash; gifts are distributed to the wide-eyed offspring . . . and that's it for the next 2,000 days or so. "Why am I going now? I thought it was important to go before my first term was over to show the importance of Africa to my administration's foreign policy," Mr. Bush said in an unconscious paraphrase of Sir

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edmund Hillary's stated reason for scaling Mt. Everest.

The President is entitled to spend five days of his life and a million dollars or so of our money any which way he wants and to make earnest Blairite statements if they make him feel good. Combine such neo-Wilsonian piety with the current surplus of testosterone in Washington, however, and you have a disaster in the making. The rationale for the looming Liberian intervention remains unclear. "Humanitarianism" just will not do after the disaster of Mogadishu—and especially after the cynical farce of Kosovo, which would have been an infinitely better place without Clinton's little war. The desire of many Liberians to see American soldiers in their streets is understandable, but it is not a sufficient reason to send our men into harm's way. It is particularly unsurprising that upper-crust Liberians—the descendants of Virginian and Carolinian slaves repatriated to Africa almost two centuries ago—want U.S. soldiers to protect them from thousands of native fighters, stoked on drugs and drink, who hold a well-founded grudge against the settler ruling class. The unpleasantness that is likely to accompany Charles Taylor's departure from power is lamentable but unavoidable. American soldiers cannot prevent or manage it; at best, they can postpone it, at no benefit to anyone but the crumbling oligarchy.

Some Bush-administration officials have attempted to justify U.S. intervention by invoking our "unique historical connection to Liberia." The White House may thus assert that it is not setting a precedent, but, by exactly the same token, "unique historical connections" would justify an intervention in the Philippines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Cuba, Quebec, or even Brazil, where a sizeable diehard Confederate diaspora once took refuge.

U.S. officials have also claimed that, if the United States did dispatch soldiers to Liberia, the size and scope of their mission would be limited; 2,000 men (and women, of course) has been the number mentioned. This claim is either naive or disingenuous: Regardless of the size of the proposed force, if and when it encounters difficulties, there will be demands for its open-ended enlargement. ("Once we're in, we have to get the job done.") Another possibility, no less unpleasant, is a disorderly and discreditable mass withdrawal after a catastrophic event, *á la* Beirut 1982 or Mogadishu 1992. Either danger should remind President Bush of the reasonable and clearly stated criteria for military intervention beyond America's shores that he laid out during the 2000 presidential campaign: Are vital U.S. interests involved? Is there a clear mission? Is there an obvious exit strategy?

On all three accounts, the answer, *vis-à-vis* Liberia as well as the rest of Africa, is a resounding *no*. Trying to sound like a realist, Dr. Rice somewhat feebly suggested that the Liberia situation should be viewed through a post-September-11 lens: "One wants to be careful about permitting . . . failed states to create conditions in which there is so much instability that you begin to see greater sources of terrorism." The notion that "failed states" should be safeguarded from further failure in order to prevent the spread of terrorism is untenable: There are dozens of utterly failed states—especially in Africa—that are as irrelevant to the rest of the world as they are inconsequential to the American interest. Saving them from themselves in the name of "fighting terrorism" would demand intervention literally anywhere, anytime, forever. Priorities have to be determined, and making a dignified and bloodless exit from Iraq and Afghanistan should top the list.

Various "humanitarian intervention" enthusiasts will claim that U.S. military action is justified by the fact that the Liberian civil war has killed an estimated 250,000 people and made two million refugees homeless. By the same token, however, at least a dozen conflicts around the world—from Sri Lanka to Mauritania, from Colombia to Kurdistan—were lethal enough to warrant international peacekeepers. On the other side of the African continent, its largest country, Sudan, remains plagued by an intermittent civil war, the world's bloodiest by far. Its death toll is estimated at over two million—overwhelmingly southern Christians and animists murdered by Muslims.

Liberia is not quite as violent, mainly because Islam is not a factor and its conflict does not have that *jihad*-esque quality of the divinely ordained mass murder of "infidels." It is nevertheless paradigmatic of Africa, the continent where chaos reigns and violence, poverty, and corruption rule. Its land, air, and water are squandered, fouled, polluted. Chronic instability replaces long dictatorship or goes hand-in-hand with it. Every nation's hand is out, seeking alms from justifiably distrustful donors, while 800 million people linger in hopelessness.

It is all very sad, of course, but there is little America can or should do beyond expressing regret and sending some relief supplies—provided that they can get right into the hands of the needy, without a single corrupt government official, customs officer, or hungry soldier taking his cut along the way. Perhaps, far from being hopeless, Africa—with its mineral wealth and huge tracts of land—may be the next frontier of roaring democratic capitalism. Perhaps, but it is not up to America to engineer the outcome one way or another, or—perish the thought—to confuse her own national interests with any given possible outcome.

America should wish Africans luck, because they will need a lot of it in the decades to come; the United States, however, does not "owe" anything to Liberia, or to any other African nation, beyond what Americans owe to their own consciences as compassionate men who want to do what is reasonable and practical in alleviating the unnecessary suffering of innocents. Sending American soldiers into that heart of darkness—regardless of numbers, regardless of destination, regardless of duration, regardless of stated mission—is not the way to do it. c

For the latest news and commentary, visit
Chronicles
at www.ChroniclesMagazine.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATION

Real Education Reform

by B.K. Eakman

For the first time in memory, teachers refused to be intimidated by the National Education Association's leftist leadership. At their annual convention in New Orleans on June 30, a large contingent of teacher-delegates insisted the NEA drop "reproductive freedom"/family planning from its voluminous list of resolutions and stick to topics actually relevant to schools and teaching.

Over the years, the NEA has amassed some 300 policy positions, itemized as annual resolutions and set out in a published legislative agenda. The publication purportedly reflects all educators' beliefs on assorted issues, from homosexual advocacy and criticism of capital punishment to abortion "rights." Parents, religious leaders, and even many teachers have winced at the increasingly bellicose demands of NEA leaders, who, since 1948, have consistently taken the most extreme positions on domestic and international issues. Despite sporadic dissent, however, the NEA consolidated its hold through a rigid, three-tiered membership scheme in the early 1970's, trammeling the rights of any heretic within the profession who dared express viewpoints contrary to the union's "approved" stances.

From college onward, prospective and practicing teachers have been told that they need to be part of the "professional association" to be considered true professionals. The union, for its part, never took on a teacher's problem unless it involved a salary dispute or promoted one of the NEA's pet political causes. For some 30 years, the NEA has been able to run its state and local affiliates with Stasi-like efficiency through such adjuncts as its Uniserve organization, which spies on teachers and thwarts the careers and higher aspirations of any educator reputed to be on the wrong side of NEA wisdom.

This year, however, delegates from such divergent states as California, Kentucky, and New York found their voice. When union leaders claimed that they did not advocate abortion, the delegates read back to them their own demand that government make all methods of family planning available to those "unable to take advantage of private facilities" and then asked for a definition of "private facilities." The chairman of the NEA's Resolutions Internal Editing Committee, Shirley Cherry, sniffed that she was "not prepared to answer that question."

Normally, that would have been that, but not this time. The dissident delegates simply did not buy Cherry's rationale for the union's ongoing intrusion into every economic, social, and foreign-policy topic: that everything, after all, "is related to our children."

With four high-profile scandals this year involving the NEA and its gofers within the education establishment, there is a window of opportunity to defang a leftist bureaucracy that has been churning out good little socialist voters for decades while circumventing laws on political lobbying. Stealing money outright from members, credit-card scandals at the highest levels, and inciting students to protest the "War on Terrorism" in the aftermath of September 11 do not make good press. What better time, now that teachers themselves are expressing dissatisfaction, to pull the plug on the NEA's tax-exempt status?

The NEA seems uninterested in legitimate educational matters—for example, what prospective educators learn in their college courses. The rationale behind President Bush's testing initiative is that the building blocks of learning should be emphasized. Regular testing in math and reading is intended to get that message across. Even tests that actually measure progress in these key subjects (instead of fishing for psychological and personality quirks), however, do not analyze why, precisely, a child is not succeeding. The preparing teachers are getting left behind at the university level.

Only seven things can go wrong in learning, *per se*: visual and auditory memory, visual identification, spatial reasoning, conceptualization, hand-eye coordination, and thought-expression synchronization. How many education majors are specializing in one of the above? Don't bother asking around: You won't find any. High-priced learning centers, on the other hand, train their staffs to establish this substructure of learning *first*.

For example, if a child thinks 1/4 is bigger than 1/2 because 4 is bigger than 2, he probably has a spatial reasoning problem. He will try to memorize his way through math (like I did). And, by fifth grade, he will crash (like I did). He certainly will never "get" tax and budget issues. His memory will only take him so far. (I wound up teaching myself, in adulthood.)

Or, take phonics, by far the best method of teaching reading and spelling. If a child has a significant deficiency in his auditory memory, he will not remember the sound combinations.

Which of the seven areas is most important? None. Nearly all of us are weak in at least one of them. Every one of these deficiencies is remediable, especially if caught early on.

Now, suppose you took a real diagnostic test to find your "weakest link." Suppose, on day one of first grade, you were matched with a teacher who constructed lesson plans for your whole class around this weakest element. After a year or so, you likely would not have a spatial-reasoning—or whatever—problem anymore.

Does the NEA care that we are slapping stigmatizing labels on seven- and eight-year-olds? That we throw them into "holding tanks" called Special Ed, where all they get are lessons in the three F's—frustration, fightin', and fidgetin'? Or that we then proceed to drug the losers who come out of this toxic environment? No, the NEA only demands more money for Special Education.

The NEA and the equally misguided American Federation of Teachers could have been genuine "professional associations." They could have had at their disposal the insights of thousands of teachers, which might have translated into useful teacher-education courses, productive education research, and better policymaking at the state and local levels. Instead, they chose the lower route of yellow journalism, pitting teachers against management, teachers against parents, and, finally, teachers against students. Now the teacher stands alone, amid an onslaught of rotten apples from all directions. Principals and superintendents no longer go to bat for a teacher; parents neither respect nor trust the teacher; and pupils view the teacher as a glorified baby-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sitter. The teachers' unions frittered away their chance to "make a difference"—first, out of financial greed; then, for political power. Leftist political powerbrokers assumed permanent leadership in a quasisuccessful attempt to alter the loyalties and values of a nation.

As long as every government agency is dishing out grants to accommodate these extremists' calls for one failed social program or prevention scheme after another, this nation will stay near the bottom of the global academic heap.

It is time for the Bush administration to stop pandering to the left. Instead, it must push for removal of the NEA's tax-exempt status and direct any educational funding only to incentives for legitimate learning. We must quit throwing tax dollars at failure-ridden social programs and showering money willy-nilly on those corrupt stepchildren of the U.S. Department of Education, the state education agencies.

B.K. Eakman, a former teacher, is executive director of the National Education Consortium and author of Cloning of the American Mind.

The Heart's Own Instinct

by R.C. Sproul, Jr.

Presbyterians have a particular reputation. We are a rather staid bunch, more comfortable in the environs of the country club than those of the chicken farm, more atuned to the hoity-toity, less to *hoi polloi*. We're called the frozen chosen, more for accuracy's sake than for endearment. We read old and dusty books about doctrines that have been washed away from the public consciousness by the raging rapids of modernity. We are, depending on the level of grace with which you wish to conjugate the adjective, either smart, egg-headed, or pedantic.

Though we affirm with great vigor that his doctrine was Presbyterian, there is a reason John the Baptist was called "the Baptist." No self-respecting Presbyterian would live in the wilderness, dine on locusts, or do anything but assure the local powers-that-be that God is on their side. If a Presbyterian wanted to let his hair down, the worst he might do is sneak behind the dog kennel and read a few pages of *Chronicles*. We do not rant. And, while we affirm with a pious zeal that God not only knows the future but that He ordained it, we likewise deny that we can know it. In short, we are short on being prophetic—at least, most of the time.

Early in the 20th century, God raised up a prophet among us. J. Gresham Machen was a walking paradox. He was a careful and meticulous scholar and a popular ideologue. He taught New Testament at Princeton and defended it in a series of popular radio broadcasts and in his best-selling book, *Christianity and Liberalism*. It was not, at least technically, his zeal for the historic faith that got him into hot water. Rather, it was his passion against the federal leviathan. Machen left Princeton Seminary in 1929 because it was more committed to liberalism (primarily of the theological variety and only secondarily political) than to Christianity. He then founded Westminster Theological Seminary, which remains to this day—though only God knows for how much longer—the flagship institution of orthodox Presbyterianism. Convinced that too many missionaries in the mainline United Presbyterian Church were crossing land and sea and making only more children of Hell, he started an independent mission board.

What really got under the skin of his superiors, however, was his refusal to toe the party line on Prohibition. Machen was a political libertarian before being a libertarian was cool. He reached his conclusions not through Enlightenment utopianism but through his profound grasp of the depravity of fallen man. He did not trust the state to determine what a man should drink, nor did he trust the state to determine what and how a child should learn. His desire to cage the leviathan was not motivated by a desire to get high without getting in trouble but by a desire to live freely, that he might better serve his Master.

When the idea of a federal department of education was first floated in 1926, the respective committees of the houses of Congress convened together to hear testimony on the issue. Machen began the hearing by testifying:

> Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the Committee, there are two reasons why a man may be opposed to a bill which is introduced in Congress. One reason is that he thinks it will not accomplish its purpose. The other reason is that he thinks that the purpose that it is intended to accomplish is an evil purpose. It is for the latter reason that I am opposed to the bill which forms the subject of this hearing.

Machen was following in the footsteps of another prophetic pariah, Robert L. Dabney. Dabney's distaste for the federal leviathan moved him not only to take up the prophetic mantle but to take up arms. He served faithfully in the Confederate army, as a staff officer under Stonewall Jackson. He was a masterful preacher, a thoughtful theologian. Never was he more effective, however, than when he took up the pen. His treatment of the war, *A Defense of Virginia and the South*, is a careful examination of the justice of the Southern cause.

The very conviction that forced Dabney into harm's way in the War Between the States drove him to speak out against the intrusion of the state in education. In his essay, "On Secular Education," he begins,

> Who should control education, and what is the proper education? The two questions are interdependent. In history, two answers have been proposed to the first question—the state and the Church. In Europe, liberalism has insisted on the State, and seeks to secularize education. Through this it means to wrest education from the control of Catholicism. Liberals see clearly that under Catholic control there will be no true freedom of education. But, as they also insist on secularizing the State, their idea of free education is one devoid of religion. They separate mental from spiritual culture. Thus they conclude that education must be godless to be free.

Dabney is not merely throwing rocks at Rome while throwing rocks at Washington, D.C. Early on, he saw through the subterfuge that was used to sell the idea of government schools to the Christian world. Government schools exist in large part because of the deal the Church made with the Devil. Before the war, these United States, for all their geographic and cultural diversity, shared a certain Protestant outlook. The very freedom that such a foundation established, however, attracted people from all over Europe, including those nations that had historically been Roman Catholic. Our cultural inheritance was being diluted, and, like their modern counterparts, the Protestants beseeched their god to do

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something. The state offered its solution. If religion could be removed from the schools, then the government would see to it that those poor and dirty Catholics would at least act more like Protestants—that is, like those for whom religion was but a private matter of the heart.

Dabney, however, protested. Over a hundred years ago, he understood what some evangelical Christians are reluctantly admitting today—that all education is inherently religious. Get rid of the religion, and you have gotten rid of the education. Keep the education, and you will be sure to find a religion. "If the State in America," he argued,

> becomes the educator, education must be secularized totally. In theory, our State is the institution for accomplishing secular justice. It has absolutely severed itself from all religions equally. It has pledged itself that no man's civil rights shall be modified, or equality diminished, because of his religion, or lack of one. It has forbidden the establishment of any religion by law, and the imposition of any burden, for religious reasons, on any.

But is this so bad? Dabney asks the question himself: "Why may not the State teach reading and writing without any religious bias? Why not do it as the mechanic teaches his apprentices filing, planning, or hammering?" He answers himself: "Because dexterity in an art is not an education. The latter nurtures the soul, the other only drills a sense-organ or muscle; the one has a mechanical end, the other a moral purpose." Long before Dewey or Mann, long before the Nazis or the communists first used their schools to mold laborers for their factories, long before C.S. Lewis warned us of those men without chests who would bring us the abolition of man, long before Outcome-Based Education and School-To-Work, Dabney saw that "education" by the secular state would always lead to the creation of more cogs for our industrial wheels. If you will not feed the soul, he rightly understood, all you are left with is the body.

While Ted Kennedy and President Bush agree with William Spady and his bevy of social theorists that no child should be left behind, precious few understand that the train is headed toward a death camp. Dabney writes,

> The State refuses to be understood this way. It claims to educate. This can be seen in the universal argument of the advocates of public education. It assumes that the State has the right and duty of providing that the young citizens shall be competent to their responsibility as citizens. But this responsibility is ethical in nature.

What would happen if the state gave up this claim? Here, perhaps, the great prophet nodded. It seems he couldn't imagine how far down this hole the state would be willing to crawl.

> Again, if the State professed to bestow mere dexterity, and not an education, equity would require the bestowal of more than an ability in letters. All other useful arts would have to be included. The children would have an equal right to be taught the other bread-winning arts, and the government would have embraced the wildest communism. No, the State cannot adopt this evasion. Unless she says that she educates, she can do nothing.

While 20 percent of evangelical parents today have removed their children from government schools, the majority of them have handed over the job to another institution—the Church.

> God has immediately and authoritatively instituted three organisms for man on earth—the State, the visible church, and the Family. These are coordinate in their rights and mutual independence. The State or Church has no more right to invade the parental sphere than the parent to invade theirs.

Children, in short, are the responsibility of parents. We have no more business handing our children over to the Church or state than we do invading Iraq or determining the nature of the Trinity. Here, Dabney not only presaged Abraham Kuyper's concept of sphere sovereignty but got the spheres right:

> Is [education] not properly a domestic and parental function? First we read in the Scriptures that God ordained the family by the union of one woman to one man, in one flesh, for life, for the declared end of "seeking a godly seed." Does this not imply that God looks to parents, in whom the family is founded, as the responsible agents of this result?
>
> In the Fifth Commandment, He has connected the child, not with either presbyter or magistrate, but with the parents. This of course confers on them the adequate and the prior authority. This argument appears again in the very order of the historical genesis of the Family and State, as well as the visible Church. The Family was established first.
>
> Parents at the outset were the only social heads existing. The right rearing of children by them was necessary for the right creation of the other two institutions. It therefore appears that parental authority over children could not have come by delegation by either the State or the visible Church, any more than the water in a fountain comes from its reservoir below.

Having made arguments from natural law and the Word of God, Dabney gives us what might be called his instinctive argument—that which today is changing the hearts of parents across the country:

> The best argument here is the heart's own instinct. No parent can fail to resent the intrusion of any authority between his conscience and convictions, and the soul of his child. If the father conscientiously believes that his own creed is true and righteous and obligatory before God, then he must intuitively regard the intrusion of any other power between him and his child, for the purpose of causing the rejection of that creed, as a usurpation. The freedom of mind of the child alone, when he is an adult, can justly interpose. If this usurpation is made by the visible church, it is in the direction of Catholicism. If done by the magistrate, it is in the direction of despotism.

The education wars are not ultimately about education. This curriculum or that, to bus or not to bus, condoms or no condoms—these are all distractions from the real issue. The question is not "What should be done for 'our' children?" but "What will *I* do for *my* children?"

"It is a maxim in political philosophy,"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dabney reminds us,

> as in mechanics, that when an organism is applied to a function for which it was not designed, it is injured and the function is done poorly. Consider a farmer who has a mill designed and well fitted to grind his meal. He resolves that it shall also thresh his sheaves. The result is wretched threshing, and a crippled mill.

R.C. Sproul, Jr., is the pastor of Saint Peter Presbyterian Church in Southwest Virginia and director of the Highlands Study Center. His latest book is Bound for Glory: The Christian Family in Covenant *(Crossway).*

TORT

It Ain't My Fault

by Doug Bandow

I am trying to lose a few extra pounds and have been reasonably good as of late. The other day, however, some Brach's chocolate eggs began calling out to me: "Eat me, eat me." I was powerless to resist, so strong is my addiction. In just an hour, I had devoured a pound of them. I've decided to stand up for all Americans and sue Brach's.

After all, I've spent the last decade or so more than 50 pounds overweight. Only with great effort did I take off most of the excess last year. But the calorie pushers are making it hard for me to keep it off.

There are, of course, many evil fat dealers. So I was pleased to read about a legal summit in June at Northeastern University, at which a coterie of activist lawyers who torture the law for a living plotted a strategy for "attacking obesity."

Luckily, they are not going to push the tiresome mantra "eat less, exercise more." That's almost impossible to do when you are surrounded by fat sellers, attempting to hook you on their dangerous products.

New strategies are desperately needed. Over the years, George Washington University's John Banzhaf has led the way in suing everyone for everything. He recently targeted McDonald's and other fast-food restaurants, seemingly a good strategy since they obviously are responsible for people being fat. Alas, in January, federal judge Robert Sweet dismissed a class-action suit against McDonald's with this astonishing observation: The complaint failed "to allege the McDonald's products consumed by the plaintiffs were dangerous in any way other than that which was open and obvious to a reasonable consumer."

Consumers are responsible? What an outdated concept! Apparently, however, we need to find more targets than just the burger pushers. Indeed, I was already looking elsewhere: I only frequented a McDonald's or other purveyor of french (or is that freedom?) fries once every couple weeks. Even Banzhaf & Co. might have trouble proving them responsible for my fat, though he claims even two such meals a week is enough to cause obesity. If you're a lawyer, you will obviously believe anything. Apparently, jurors will, too: Banzhaf triumphantly points to a survey showing that one quarter of jurors would vote to hold fast-food restaurants responsible for obesity.

Which is all to the good, in my view. Admittedly, it's hard for me to blame such enterprises for all of my extra fat. Not that I'm not willing to try—it obviously isn't my fault, and it's time they paid for their greedy attempts to addict me, even if they failed to do so. Sweet's ruling, however, demonstrates that it is important to look a little further afield for villains—only as a matter of justice, of course. And, just incidentally, to find some additional deep pockets to provide appropriate recompense.

Let's start with the supermarkets. When Caesar Barber filed the first lawsuit against fast-food companies, he acknowledged that he only ate an average of five meals per week at the burger dealers. That left another 16 meals at home, and I suspect that he wasn't downing salads and tofu.

So why don't grocery stores tell us that apples are better for us than vanilla wafers? That we should eat more fish instead of potato chips? It certainly isn't my fault that I more often carried mint-chocolate-chip ice cream home with me than I did melons. We—I, poor Caesar, and everyone else forced to consume all of those extra calories—were victims of the lack of honest advertising by Giant Food, Food Lion, Albertson's, D'Agostino's, Ralph's, Associated, Safeway, and other supermarkets. Sue them all!

That's not enough, however. Burger King might be at fault for selling food dripping in fat, but what about the farmers who raised the cattle and grew the potatoes? They know that innocent Americans will suffer as they grow addicted. We go after poppy and coca growers. Why not hit the dairy farmers who make milkshakes possible?

Moreover, I am planning lawsuits against the chocolate manufacturers. M&M's have long posed an overwhelming temptation to me—Mars should be made to pay. Then there's Nestle, Hershey, and Ghiradelli. And I certainly won't stop at America's borders. When I have traveled overseas, the evil chocolate pushers have trailed me, forcing me to eat prodigious amounts of Toblerone and Cadbury products.

Of course, I don't begrudge them the right to produce their wares. I just want better advertising. The wrappers should inform us that we might gain weight if we eat them: "Warning: All dieticians know that consuming a pound of M&M's daily creates a significant risk of gaining weight." Had Mars been responsible enough to put such a warning on its labels, I never would have gained a pound.

Another thing is the taste. The problem with chocolate is that it tastes, well, like chocolate. Why don't they make it taste like celery? Obviously, the chocolate dealers want to hook us. They should pay for playing off of human weakness. I'm going to ask for punitive damages to punish them for their greed.

There is yet another set of responsible parties, however—the celery growers. What sane human being likes the taste of celery? If farmers made celery—and tomatoes, lettuce, peas, corn, and all of the other allegedly "good" foods—taste like chocolate, then I'd eat a pound of it every day. If they did their job and made their products taste good, no one would be sitting on his couch, eating bon-bons while watching TV.

Which brings up television. The networks and cable systems also work to turn us into addicts. And sitting around is obviously a major cause of obesity. So why shouldn't the media pay, as well as the makers of comfortable couches, which encourage people to sit inside rather than go jogging outside?

The field is wide open for creative tort attorneys. It should be obvious that nothing is anyone's fault, which means everything is someone *else's* fault. Let's start lining up the defendants.

Doug Bandow is a senior fellow at the Cato Institute. A graduate of Stanford Law School, he is a member of the California and Washington, D.C., bars.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by George McCartney

They're Back

In *Terminator 2: Judgment Day* (1991), Arnold Schwarzenegger delivered three words that became his signature: "I'll be back." Uttered tonelessly by The Arnold, the line was wholly ambiguous. While it served notice that the Terminator would return to complete his mission no matter what obstacles stood in his mechanically plodding way, it was not at all clear whether this was a promise or a threat. And there was another question: Was The Arnold talking in his character's voice or in his own? Rarely has there been so little difference between a performer and his screen persona. Both are relentless, although, as the driven determinator of his own success, The Arnold has a clear edge on his character.

Relentlessness is an attribute that Arnold shares with summer blockbusters. They, too, are extravagantly unstoppable. No matter how much film critics fume, no matter how much parents groan, the blockbusters continue shamelessly to target our young ones. Why? To paraphrase Willie Sutton on banks, that's where the money is. By the dog days of August, not many parents have resisted their youngsters' demands to see the latest in blow-'em-up-big cinema.

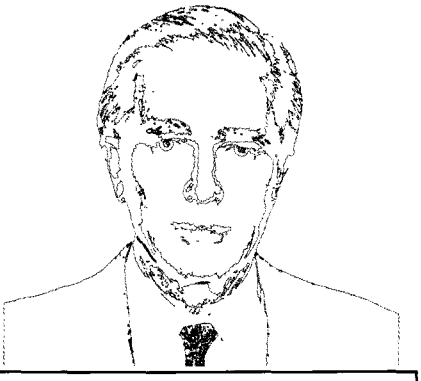
This summer's offerings are no different. In some cases, they are warmed-over versions of their predecessors. *The Matrix Reloaded*, discussed in my August column, is a stale dish drearily concocted from the once-fresh ingredients of *The Matrix*. *Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines* does not even pretend to be new. It simply repeats its past incarnations. The eponymous hero of *The Hulk* may seem fresh in his green skin, but anyone who has seen *King Kong* or *Mighty Joe Young* will know better. The monster tamed by the love of a good woman has a long, long pedigree. The one summer film that boasts a bit of originality does so by working in that rarest of genres, the screen adaptation of a theme-park ride. The Disney people have boldly brought us *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl*. Presumably, they are catering to that underprivileged portion of American youth who have failed to blackmail their parents into making the pilgrimage to Disney World or Land.

Of course, in the blockbuster field, no one can compare to The Arnold. In *Terminator 3*, he once again shows up clotheless in Los Angeles in search of a young man. Now, don't get the wrong idea; Arnold's not that way. In fact, he has no interest in fleshly attractions of any kind. Under those walloping muscles, he is a steel-cold robot. As everyone knows, Arnold plays an obsolete Terminator model, the T-800, once programmed to kill humans but now committed to saving them. He has come from the future to protect John Connor, the tyro slated to lead humans in their rebellion against a machine-dominated civilization. To do so, he must confront a new generation Terminator, the T-X, who also time-travels in the buff, but to spectacularly better effect. This machine looks remarkably like high-fashion model Kristanna Loken. Like so many other young ladies arriving in Los Angeles, she finds herself with nothing to wear. Naturally, she stops by Rodeo Drive to cover her charms in high couture. Donning a leather suit and slicking back her blond hair, she looks and moves exactly like a model should, swiveling her head and hips atop her long, striding legs and casting an imperious gaze on everyone she meets. Only her right hand gives her away. It morphs on digital command into a supergrade Swiss Army knife, assuming an endless line of weaponry and home-repair tools—a machine gun, flamethrower, and buzz saw, for starters.

T3 is not without charm, especially when it revels in its own silliness. It is punctuated with jokey references to it predecessors. "I'll be back" becomes "She'll be back," in deference to feminists whose determination is no less steely than Arnold's. This time, the Terminator yanks his *de rigueur* motorcycle jacket off a male stripper rather than off a true biker, so the sunglasses in the zippered pocket disconcertingly resemble Elton John's starburst frames.

While such humor is welcome, director Jonathan Mostow has not had the nerve or, more probably, the liberty to go all the way and make his film a true send-up of the earlier models. The production has been variously reported to have cost 150, 170, or 175 million bucks. (Frankly, I didn't see anything that looked a dime over $100 million.) When it comes to risking their money, investors are notoriously humorless. At the same time, by introducing the comedic touches he does, Mostow has undercut his ability to create any genuine suspense.

In the absence of any dramatic verve, there is little to do but marvel at Arnold himself. At 55, he's pumped his body up to the absurd proportions he sported 20 years ago, and the film seems to pay tribute to this as a demonstration of relentless ambition. He is the 21st century's Gatsby, a man ready to reinvent himself in the service of his gaudy, meretricious dreams. His approach to show business



Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines

Produced and distributed by Warner Brothers
Directed by Jonathan Mostow
Screenplay by John Brancato, Michael Ferris, and Tedi Sarafian

The Hulk

Produced and distributed by Universal Pictures
Directed by Ang Lee
Screenplay by John Turman, Michael France, and James Schamus

Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl

Produced by Jerry Bruckheimer Films and Walt Disney Pictures
Directed by Gore Verbinski
Screenplay by Ted Elliott and Terry Rossio
Distributed by The Walt Disney Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resembles Gatsby's pursuit of Daisy. Arnold has never stopped coming at us. Like his Terminator character, he cannot be deterred. Can't act? No problem. I'll play a robot. Can't lose my Austrian accent. So what? I'll assimilate by marrying a Kennedy. Nothing stops Arnold. He has applied his bodybuilding ethos to his career. To get results, he performs more repetitions.

Bodybuilding is considerably easier in Ang Lee's adaptation of *The Hulk*. Bruce Banner merely has to get angry to become ten times the muscle man Schwarzenegger ever was. In fact, the madder he gets, the bigger he grows, rising from 9 to 15 feet depending upon the severity of the provocation. In keeping with this "more is more" premise, Lee has given us two films for the price of one. Unfortunately, they add up to barely half an entertainment. While each half is quite good, they never come together dramatically.

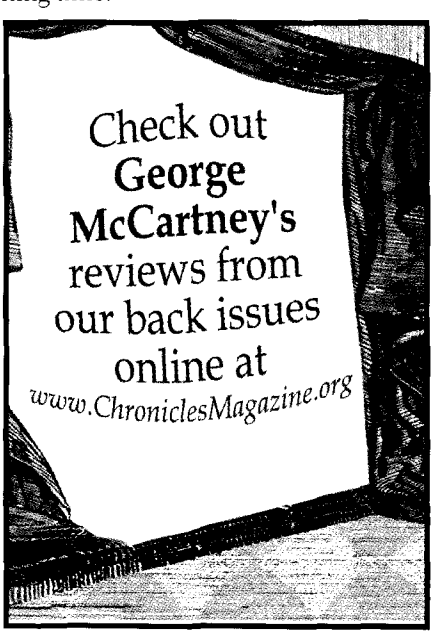
The first half concerns two young people who would be falling deliriously into each other's arms but for their paternal problems. Betty Ross (played by the evermore-beautiful Jennifer Connelly) finds Bruce Banner (Australian actor Eric Bana) as irresistible as he is unapproachable. Her longing, she explains, is "just a by-product of my inexplicable obsession with emotionally distant men." When we meet her father, General Ross (Sam Elliott), however, her obsession becomes all too explicable. The old man has never respected her or her career in scientific research.

Bruce Banner also has father problems. When he was still an infant, his old man tried to bioengineer his cells so that they would be endlessly regenerative, but something went seriously wrong. As a result, Bruce becomes an emotional cripple with severe identity problems. Drawn to bioengineering himself, Bruce sticks to responsible experimentation, until he accidentally exposes himself to a fatal dose of gamma rays. The gammas don't kill him, however. Instead, they unleash his inner Hulk. This is where the second film begins. When Banner's body swells into the Hulk, Lee surrenders to the boys supplying the computer-generated imagery. Lee collaborated with them closely, even wearing wired overalls so that he could enact the Hulk's rages himself and have them directly transcribed into the graphics program used to generate the monster. Nevertheless, the computer whizzes have let him down badly. The Hulk looks and often moves like a cartoon. Given Lee's rather solemn conception of the story line, this does not jibe. We must be made to feel that the Hulk is Banner's repressed rage, but we never are. After one transformation, Banner makes a confession to Betty: "When it comes over me, when I totally lose control, I like it." We don't believe him, however. How could we? When the Hulk shows up, he runs about the New Mexico desert tossing tanks over his head and plucking helicopter gunships out of the air. These sequences are fun, but they have nothing to do with the believable characters the actors have been instructed to play. This disconnect is even more apparent when the Hulk begins springing over hills and buttes hundreds of feet high. His lightness simply does not comport with the film's gravity.

Lee has taken the comic-book plot and tried to invest it with the sophistication of Robert Louis Stevenson's 1886 novella *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. He wants to explore the inevitable tension between the civil and savage selves harbored within us all. To make this work dramatically, however, he must convince us that the two arise from the same personality. He might have done so had he arranged for Bana to play both Banner and the Hulk. A judicious application of special effects could have made this quite fascinating. After all, Spencer Tracy played Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in 1941, brilliantly dramatizing the difference between the two with nothing more than some judiciously applied make-up and his formidable acting skills.

Of all this summer's films, none is weirder than Walt Disney Pictures' *Pirates of the Caribbean*, which plays like the theme-park ride on which it is based. These rides usually take their passengers through three circuits of their "events." Here, too, after the first 40 minutes, you begin to feel that you are seeing the same episodes again and again with only the slightest variations. Pirates led by Geoffrey Rush turn up in Port Royal in search of a cursed gold medallion. They abduct the governor's daughter (Keira Knightley), who has hidden the medallion in her bodice knowing full well this is the last place pirates would look. She is saved by a young blacksmith, who secretly loves her, and is captured again, this time with the smitten blacksmith in tow. She is rescued once more, but not entirely. And so it goes, with visits to a haunted cave filled with pirate booty. There are plots within plots punctuated with sword fights, sea chases, exiles on desert isles, and many a threat of being sent to Davy Jones' locker.

Then there is Johnny Depp's portrayal of Capt. Jack Sparrow. Depp seems to have wandered on the set from another film altogether. Much has been made of his mascara-assisted performance. Critics have suggested he's playing his character as a homosexual buccaneer. I think Depp had something else in mind. He plays Sparrow as though he were a rum-soaked Wallace Beery channeling Long John Silver through Mary Martin's Peter Pan. There has never been a film pirate like him. With a whispery growl and elf-in physique, he weaves woozily through the movie, lifting its comic spirits. Lacking size and strength, Sparrow is a scalawag who relies on his wit and luck to overcome his many foes. Watching him make one mistake after another, one enemy keeps saying, "That's the worst pirate I've ever seen," until he ruefully notices that Sparrow never fails to land on his feet. Like Peter Pan, he may not have grown up, but neither has he been brought low by the straitened predictability of age. In keeping with the spontaneity of his character, Depp makes everything he does seem an inspired improvisation. If anyone has any doubts about this young man's abilities, this film will put them to rest, especially in the scenes he performs with the mercurial Geoffrey Rush. The actors thrive on each other's energy, Depp playing a sly, dissolute Pan to Rush's blithering Captain Hook. Together, they lift the curse of the film's unwarranted two-hour-and-23-minute running time. c



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Homecoming

I'd worked in the oil patch for several weeks already when I bought a T-shirt at the J.C. Penney Mother Store in Kemmerer. The shirt was fire-engine red with black lettering across the chest. The letters said, "IF YOU HAVE ONLY SIX MONTHS TO LIVE MOVE TO KEMMERER WYOMING. IT'LL SEEM LIKE A LIFETIME." Since then, 24 years have come and gone without my having ever really left the place, though I haven't lived there since 1997. I wasn't reared there, but it's where I grew up. Maureen sat forward on the bench seat and craned her neck for a first look as the pickup rounded the curve in the banked highway on the south edge of town.

"It's *pretty*!" she exclaimed, in a pleased voice. "I was afraid I wasn't going to like it. I didn't care for the country we came through around Rock Springs and Green River, at all."

I felt slightly shocked, though, of course, I agreed with her. After nearly a quarter of a century, it wasn't the reaction I was used to hearing. The last Easterner I could recall whose response to the locale had been appreciative was the late Francis Russell, the historian from Massachusetts, and that was two decades ago. Ordinarily, my response to the philistine's inability to recognize the ethereal when it slaps him in the face is relief (he won't be moving here with his family anytime soon); this, however, was my wife speaking. Two years after the occasion of my godmother's funeral Mass at St. Patrick Church, the town (three towns, actually: Diamondville, Kemmerer, and Frontier, totaling some 3,500 residents) looked as I always remember it: a spill of frame houses at the bottom of a steep valley and climbing the rounding hills to the west, the tin roofs glinting among black fir spires touched by the evening light, under the whale-backed bulk of Oyster Ridge and nearly in the blue shadow of Sheep Mountain rising sheerly to the north.

"I'm glad you think it's pretty," I told Maureen.

"I do! *Much* prettier than Laramie."

"You know, if it weren't for those lunches at Billy Budd's twenty-seven years ago, I'd never believe you were really a New Yorker."

I drove on past the Energy Inn in Diamondville where we had a room reserved for the night, not bothering to drop off the trailer with the mare in it, and on to the Triangle downtown, where the original Penney's store faces off against what in golden days was the Star Bar—formerly renowned in disreputable taverns as far away as Salt Lake City—where Jack Mootz used to pick up a replacement hand on the way out to the drill rig when one of the crew failed to report for Morning Tour. I showed Maureen the Stock Exchange (an alternate drinking hole, which she, being an Easterner, found oddly named) and the Liquor Locker around the corner (shockingly closed since my last visit), the house at 1025 Beech Street on the courthouse square, Lincoln Heights overlooking the splendid landforms around, and St. Patrick, where, 11 years before, I was baptized and confirmed in the Roman Catholic Church by the late Fr. William Espenshade. "This town has charm," Maureen decided.

"You amaze me—as usual. Do you want to stop and look in on the old place?"

"No," she said decidedly. "It's the past, and the past is . . . the past."

"You're right," I agreed. "Let's get our room at the motel, and the horse a drink. A couple for us, too."

The motel manager said she and her husband didn't know anyone in town: They'd lived here only four years, she explained. We carried the luggage in, and I watered the horse. When I returned to the room, Maureen had our supper laid out and two bottles of wine, one red and one white, ready to be poured.

"If it weren't for Kemmerer, we might have been married 27 years ago," I said. "Only I wouldn't have been any use to you then. When I moved out here from the East in '79, I'd never fired a gun in my life, or killed a deer. I didn't know how to get on with anyone but a college graduate or the upper crust. I did understand something about horses, though. To understand what happened after that, you need to read *Roughnecking It*. It's not really a girl's book, of course. Friends who bought copies to give as Christmas presents ended up returning them to the publisher or donating them to Goodwill. Even people who'd been in the Army couldn't take the language. Which is funny, since so many of those oil patch guys had served in the Army. Anyway, they were drafted into it."

"We each had things we were meant to do first, you and I."

"I know it," I agreed. "In my case, it was Kemmerer. Anyway—a toast to the old dump! God, it's good to be home."

When the truck wouldn't fire right away in the morning, I took it in to the Wagner brothers' service station, with the horse and trailer still attached. Mark determined the trouble was the starter and sent me up Pine Street to Eric's shop to replace it. Maureen and I went for breakfast at the Busy Bee café, where Brad Willford stopped in when we were halfway through the meal. The four-year drought had strapped the ranchers financially, while he himself was working 72 hours a day to keep his company's creditors in business. Afterward, I took Maureen into Sawaya's clothing store next door to the Bee, where we found Mary Sawaya on the floor. She and John had opened a second store in Evanston and appeared to be prospering in business. Mary invited us to Sunday dinner when we returned from the mountains, and I'd have encouraged Maureen to buy a little something from the store if it weren't a break in discipline. Buying supplies at the Safeway (whiskey, beer, ice, a little fresh fruit), I was kept busy introducing my bride to friends from church, all of whom had news of our marriage through the diocesan grapevine.

Late spring rains that could not relieve the drought still had greened Pomeroy Basin north of town and the Fontenelle country above it. Fat antelope grazed the drainage, belly-high in waving grass under a white-hot sun, beside the heavy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whiteface cattle chewing the cud along the feeder creeks. The elk were gone from their calving grounds on the flank of Absaroka Ridge, moved up from the fresh green parks lying under a thick cover of egg-yellow arrowleaf balsam into the high country beyond. At a cattle guard surmounting a rise of ground, I stopped the truck and pointed ahead to a far blue triangle, snow-streaked, pointing against the paler horizon. "Wyoming Peak," I said. "Eleven thousand, three hundred and sixty-three feet elevation. I haven't laid eyes on it for nearly six years."

Two miles on, twists of blackened sagebrush stood among the lavender and green. "Amazing how quickly the country recovers from fire," I remarked. "The Forest Service ran a controlled burn here, only eight years or so ago." The dirt track curved ahead, rounding a tongue of aspen pushing out to the creek, and I saw it, then: the burnt-off frontal ridge running north to the Fontenelle gap, beneath a stark skyline of black skeletal trees. The Minnie Holden Fire had been ignited by lightning in 1998, the year after my move to New Mexico, where I read about it in the *Kemmerer Gazette*. Most forest fires ought to be permitted to burn themselves out. Even so, the sight was a terrible one. The atmosphere, moistened by an early-afternoon thunder squall, seemed still to carry the scent of char.

I parked the rig at a bend in the road above the floodplain, saddled the mare, and rode down the switchbacks to the creek for a look at the ford. In mid-June, the water was well past spring runoff, running swiftly green over a golden bottom. I kicked the mare into a trot and rode back to the truck, where Maureen sat reading a mystery novel. "The crossing's no problem," I reported, "but there's a damn camper trailer parked right where John Kovach, Scotty Roberts, and I used to put our elk camp."

We made camp on the other side of the creek in a meadow scattered with wildflowers and bordered by a grove of young aspen for a windbreak. Across the stream, the rounded shoulder of mountain where Absaroka Ridge commenced again beyond the gap cut by the river loomed green above the camp, untouched by the inferno the creek had checked. We raised the tent, and I built a fire in the damp grass, after failing to dig a pit in the hardened clay below. Snubbed to one of the slender trees, the mare grazed peaceably while Maureen and I drank wine from tin cups. Behind Fontenelle gap, Indian Ridge formed a distant headwall above Bear Trap and Roaring Fork Creeks, a dam holding back the western sky.

"I like this place better than anywhere you've taken me yet," Maureen said. "I can see why you love it the way you do."

"It's six years since I saw it last, and it feels like six days. Even with the burn."

"I think I felt a drop of rain," she added, frowning.

The rain commenced again around 11:00 and fell all through the night. It continued through the dawn and past daybreak, a soft multitudinous tapping on the nylon fly, keeping us in our bags until 9:30, drowning the fire pit, and soaking the dry tinder around. I got a fire started at last, using dead pine boughs for kindling, and brewed a pot of coffee for our breakfast.

"Too bad we couldn't have made an earlier start this morning," I told Maureen. "I can lead you on the horse when you get tired, if you like."

"That's OK," she said. "I'd rather walk, for the exercise."

If only my wife would learn to ride a horse, she could win what remains of the Golden West.

In the circumstances, the only way to get both us and the horse over Fontenelle Creek was to drive across the ford. I parked the truck and trailer at the trailhead on the opposite bank, and we started into the mountains at last, I on horseback and Maureen following behind on foot, experienced-looking in her new hiking boots and carrying a daypack on her shoulders. At the Bear Trap crossing, I dismounted and boosted her into the saddle, under protest.

"I can't do this," Maureen said, closing her eyes tight and grabbing the saddle horn.

"Honey," I told her, "you can do anything you set your mind on doing. Open your eyes now and take hold of the reins the way I showed you last summer. It's the horse's job to get her feet wet, not yours."

From the elevated clearing above the creek, we had a view of the canyon upstream as far as the bend to the west, where the fire had jumped the eastern ridge from the Minnie Holden drainage. Almost the entire west-facing slope had gone up, leaving a forest of blackened branchless trees tapering like masts above more trees stretched prone against the steeps. After going a mile or so, we came to a place where the fire had leaped the stream and burned itself out in a stand of fir at the foot of an open sidehill rising steeply to the hogback where, 15 years before, John Kovach and I had hunted the biggest bulls and discovered an active bear den. The trees were blackened and dead, precariously balanced on their fire-chewed bases—what fire-fighters call widowmakers. We hurried among them on the trail, grateful for the still air, and reached the bottom of the steep climb up and away from Bear Trap toward the higher parks and the stark red face of Indian Ridge above them. Here, I dismounted again from the horse and waited for Maureen to catch up.

"My turn to walk," I told her. "And uphill's always the safest way to ride."

Maureen looked at the horse drooping under the vacated saddle. Then she looked at the trail, rising toward the sky ahead.

"All right," she agreed.

I took the mare back when we reached the sagebrush swale, short of the forest stretched along the base of Indian Ridge where, in the old days, I'd put in a spike camp every October. Involuntarily, I raised my right hand and touched the brim of my hat. Then I reined the horse around to face downhill toward the green parallel ridges through which we'd climbed and, beyond them, the basin of the Green River shelving in patterns of sunlight and shadow away to the east.

Maureen came up, gamely tramping over the lichenous rock scattered with elk droppings, and turned with me to face the view.

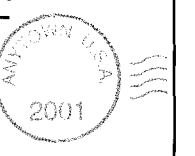
"What would it cost us to buy an old bungalow in Kemmerer?" she wanted to know.

From where I sat the horse, the burn area below looked much better, green grass and bright yellow balsam bravely reviving the desolated forest.

In old K-Town, not a whole lot, I was thinking. c

MOVING?

Send change of address and the mailing label from your latest issue to:



CHRONICLES
Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 800,
Mount Morris, IL 61054

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Humpty Dumpty

"Include Me Out"

—*Sam Goldwyn*

The Church needs to be "inclusive." This was the refrain of the liberal delegates (an overwhelming majority) to the convention of the Episcopal Church meeting in Minneapolis as they considered the controversial nomination of Gene Robinson as coadjutor bishop of New Hampshire. Robinson had been selected in New Hampshire over a field of candidates that included a Pamela and a Roberta and a token Robert. Robinson is not only a divorced husband and father (which would be enough for any Christian church) but an open and flaunting homosexual who promotes homosexuality among adolescents. This should have been an easy decision, even for Anglicans who have mostly given up the pretense that they believe in anything that is not preached on NPR, but the liberals are determined to rip the last scrap of decency from Anglicanism, and the delegates would have rubber-stamped Robinson's nomination, had it not been for 11th-hour allegations that his website *Outright* has links to homosexual pornography sites and that the would-be bishop could not avoid playing "grab-ass" with young males who visited him.

Historically, Anglicans have more often debated the size of the chasuble than the *iota* in *homoiousios* or the fine points of the *filioque* clause in the Nicene Creed, and, since the 1920's, most Anglican communions have relegated every significant clause of the creeds to the metaphorical limbo so dear to agnostics. In my Anglican days, I never heard a minister actually deny the Creation, the resurrection of the body, or the Real Presence. They were content to trivialize all Christian doctrines with the phrase "in a sense." There is a sense, they would intone, in which Christ's love for humanity triumphs over the grave. Such equivocation was taken for good manners (I assume) by the dwindling number of believers in the church, but, to anyone else, it is an unmistakable sign of cowardice and dishonesty.

In recent years, *inclusive* has become one of the more popular code words of such dishonesty. By applying *inclusive* to homosexuality, divorce, fornication, paganism, and atheism, the liberals can have their cake (a sheet cake made from a box) and eat it, too. Of course, they cannot actually say, "I approve of sodomy, *fellatio*, golden showers, child-molesting, and the insertion of live animals into the anal cavity." As Episcopalians, they dare not even pronounce any of the whole new set of pathological names provided by the love that dares not speak its name—those were the days!—much less describe in detail the acts that are indicated by these phrases.

So they take refuge in *inclusive*. Like most weasel words, *inclusive* has, in acquiring political significance, radically changed its meaning. An adjective formed from Latin *includere* (to close in, enclose), it referred originally to a fence or crown that actually enclosed. Later, it came to mean "comprehensive" and to indicate that something was to be included in a list or series of dates. As recently as the late 60's, dictionaries did not include the current political sense of "open to all minorities and alternative lifestyles." In its most pernicious usage, the term *inclusive language* is used to justify the barbaric bowdlerizations of the Scriptures, hymns, and liturgies of historic Christian churches.

Like every other weasel word, *inclusive* means something quite different from—often the opposite of—what it is meant to suggest. Every experiment in inclusion begins by excluding something that already exists, such as the word *man* from hymnals and liturgies. At the very least, what they mean is to substitute one word—and one concept—for another. *Man* is replaced by *person* and may soon be replaced by *being* or *creature*—so as to be more inclusive toward our little animal friends. The day is coming soon, when the Episcopal Church of the United States of America (ECUSA) will include everyone and everything but Christians.

As used by liberal Christians, *inclusive* includes all those things that are excluded by Christian doctrine and tradition and excludes all those that are included. The Christian view of sex roles, marriage, and morality was taught in the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation, affirmed by councils and encyclicals, and endorsed (even strengthened) by Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, and the other leaders of the Reformation. But now, as one liberal sheep was heard to bleat at the convention, "God is working a change through us." Right. The "Great I Am," the Creator of all that is and can be, Who laid the foundation of the earth, to Whom Anglicans used to pray as "the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom," has waited until now to grow up and accept the profound wisdom of the Playboy Philosophy.

George Homans, the nonbelieving social scientist, once suggested that modern man would be better off if he would recite daily the General Confession of the Anglican Church. Few Anglicans under 50 can probably remember it, but here it is for the "gay"-rights bishop and the lost sheep of ECUSA to ponder:

> ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father; We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou them, O God, who confess their faults. Restore thou them that are penitent; according to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of thy holy name. Amen.

c

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[I]t is because the Serbians have been warlike that we have found it possible to be peaceful. If they are fierce it is because no courage short of sheer fanaticism could have kept the frontiers of Christendom against such locust-clouds of foes, while we were electing our first parliaments and building our first cathedrals. While all that we call the world was being made they were the wall of the world . . .

—G.K. Chesterton

The Rockford Institute presents
ISLAM AND CHRISTENDOM

Join
Thomas Fleming, Srdja Trifkovic, *and*
Hugh Barbour, O.Praem.
for

A Balkan Adventure
September 8-18, 2003

London and Paris may be old hat for the American traveler, but the Balkans, situated on the wild frontier between Christendom and Islam, remains a place of mystery and adventure: rugged mountains, an exquisite Adriatic coast, medieval monasteries that even the Turks could not destroy, and an equally enduring and ancient people whose rich cultural traditions are more than a match for the landscape.

There is no better place in the world to provide the backdrop to our theme than Serbia and Montenegro, whose history over six centuries was inseparable from the struggle to preserve their identity and Christian faith against the onslaught of Muhammad's Ottoman followers.

Visit Belgrade to see firsthand the effects of communism and "benevolent global hegemony" on this great city at the confluence of the Danube and Sava Rivers. Marvel at the massive fort of Smederevo, on the Danube. Ride a luxury coach through the mountains, stopping at historic monasteries like Mileseva (site of the famous "White Angel" fresco). Visit Cetinje, the old royal capital of Montenegro, where we will be welcomed by the metropolitan archbishop.

Visit the historic Adriatic town of Budva and learn the history and culture of a region that has known Greek, Roman, Venetian, Turkish, Austrian, and Serbian masters. Sail up to magnificent Kotor Bay (the only fjord in the Mediterranean) and visit ancient Orthodox and Catholic churches. Mix with the locals—peasants, poets, priests, and monks. Hear the epic poems recited by the guslars, swim in the Adriatic, eat fresh grilled fish and mountain lamb roasted on the spit, raise a glass (or two or three) of *slivovic*, drink deeply of the excellent Montenegrin red wines, and experience a vibrant culture that hasn't yet been reduced to "heritage."

The price for the convivium includes ten nights' lodging in internationally rated hotels, sumptuous meals, transportation by luxury coach from Belgrade to Montenegro, all lectures and excursions, and air transportation back to Belgrade.

Registration is limited. Visas are no longer required of Americans visiting Serbia-Montenegro.
To arrange air travel to Belgrade, call Unlimited Travel at (800) 322-3557.
Mention The Rockford Institute.
For more details, call Christopher Check, Executive Vice President, at (815) 964-5811.

Rates: ❑ Single: $2,795.00 ❑ Couple: $4,095.00

Name(s)_____

Address_____ City, State, Zip_____

Phone, Fax, E-mail_____

Send registration form with payment to:
The Rockford Institute, 928 North Main Street, Rockford, Illinois 61103

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The John Randolph Club Comes to New Orleans

The Rockford Institute
and
Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture
present
The 14th Annual Meeting of
THE JOHN RANDOLPH CLUB
"America: A European Nation"
November 14-15, 2003

Join your favorite *Chronicles* editors and contributors, including

Thomas Fleming, Samuel Francis, Scott P. Richert, and Justin Raimondo

as well as special guest speaker

Peter Brimelow

and Louisiana historians

Roger Busbice and Charles Elliott

in New Orleans' French Quarter

America, the old saw goes, is an experiment in democracy. Some think the ultimate principles are human rights and multiculturalism—a perpetual revolution to achieve the "proposition" we are supposedly devoted to. Other nations have a history, while America alone is exempt from the laws of human nature. If all this sounds more like a science-fair project than like a real nation, then you should be attending this year's meeting of the John Randolph Club. Our historians and political analysts will probe the European roots of American culture, debunk the multiculturalists and neoconservatives who hate our historic nation, examine the spreading virus of ethnic conflict, and take a candid look at our relations with the nations of Europe.

OPEN TO ALL CHRONICLES SUBSCRIBERS

Lodging

The conference will be held at the elegant Saint Louis Hotel, 730 Rue Bienville, in the heart of the French Quarter of New Orleans, the most European city in the United States. A limited number of rooms are available at a special rate of $120.00 per night single/double occupancy, continental breakfast included. To make reservations, please call (800) 535-9111 and mention the John Randolph Club. Room reservations must be made by October 14, 2003.

N.B. All registration prices increase $25.00 after October 15.

NAME(S) (AS THEY SHOULD APPEAR ON NAME TAGS) _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE/FAX _____

EMAIL _____

FULL REGISTRATION (ALL PANELS, FRIDAY EVENING OPENING ADDRESS AND RECEPTION, SATURDAY EVENING BANQUET AND PROGRAM)
JRC MEMBER ___ @ $225.00 EA=$_____
NON-MEMBER ___ @ $250.00 EA=$_____

SATURDAY PANELS ONLY (NO MEALS, RECEPTIONS, OR EVENING PROGRAMS)
MEMBER AND NON-MEMBER ___ @ $100.00 EA=$_____

SATURDAY NIGHT BANQUET ONLY
MEMBER OR NON-MEMBER ___ @ $100.00 EA=$_____

TOTAL ENCLOSED $_____

I cannot attend the annual meeting, but I would like it to be a success. Enclosed is my contribution of $_____.

Make checks payable to The John Randolph Club and mail with completed form to
JRC, The Rockford Institute, 928 N. Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103
or pay by credit card by calling Cindy Link at (815) 964-5813

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED